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WITHIN THE LAW

By BAYARD VEILLER

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WITHIN THE LAW

A Melodrama in Four Acts

BY

BAYARD VEILLER

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The following is a copy of the play bill of the first performance of "Within the Law," as produced at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, September 11th, 1912:

MESSRS. SELWYN & COMPANY

PRESENT

WITHIN THE LAW

A MELODRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

BAYARD VEILLER

The characters are named in the order of their appearance

THE CAST

SARAH, *Edward Gilder's private secretary* . . . . . Georgia Lawrence
SMITHSON, *floorwalker at "The Emporium"* . . . . . S. V. Phillips
RICHARD GILDER, *Edward Gilder's son* . . . . . Orme Caldara
EDWARD GILDER, *proprietor of "The Emporium"* . . . . Dodson Mitchell
GEORGE DEMAREST, *Edward Gilder's lawyer* . . . . . Brandon Hurst
HELEN MORRIS, *a salesgirl in "The Emporium"* . . . . Catherine Tower
DETECTIVE SERGEANT CASSIDY *of the New York police* . . . John Willard

MARY TURNER, *a saleswoman in "The Emporium"* . . . . Jane Cowl
AGNES LYNCH, *a confidence woman* . . . . . Florence Nash
JOE GARSON, *a forger* . . . . William B. Mack
FANNIE, *a maid* . . . . . Martha White
WILLIAM IRWIN, *a lawyer* . . William A. Norton
EDDIE GRIGGS, *a crook known as "English Eddie"* . . . . Kenneth Hill
POLICE INSPECTOR BURKE *of the New York police* . . . . Wilton Taylor
THOMAS, *a butler* . . . . . Arthur Moore
CHICAGO RED, *a crook* . . . Arthur Spaulding
TOM DACEY, *a crook* . . . . John Camp
WILLIAMS, *a stenographer at police headquarters* . . . . Joseph Nickson
THOMPSON, *a detective of the New York police* . . . . Edward Bolton
DAN, *doorman at police headquarters* . . . . . Frederick Howe

ACT I

TIME:—*About noon. Early Spring.*

SCENE:—*Office of* EDWARD GILDER, *proprietor of The Emporium. There is a door down left leading into the store and another door up center leading into the hall. The door down left opens off and up-stage, and the door up center opens up and to the left. Down right, almost to the curtain-line, is* MR. GILDER'S *desk, set at an angle so that anyone coming in the door center or the door left can be observed by anyone sitting at the desk, without moving. The angle of the desk is from down right to up right center. Up right, set obliquely, is a large table covered with department store samples. The angle of this desk is from down left to up center. A hat-tree is just left of center door. There is an office chair in upper right corner and a large leather rocker right of center door, and above* GILDER'S *desk; another leather chair is down left just below door left. There is an office chair just below sample table and facing up stage. Another office chair is right of* GILDER'S *desk. There is a plain, green carpet on the floor. All of this furniture, with the exception of the two leather chairs, is mahogany. The leather chairs are green leather. The walls of the office are panelled in mahogany half-way up and the upper half is plain green.*

LIGHTS:—*The foots and first border are up full white and stand during the entire act. Back of the two doors are white bunches.*

AT RISE:—SARAH *is discovered seated at* GILDER'S *desk opening mail. When the curtain is well up* SMITHSON *enters left and crosses to left center.* SARAH *just looks up and then goes on with her work.*

SMITHSON. Has Mr. Gilder come down yet?

SARAH. He's down at the Court of General Sessions.

SMITHSON. (*as he crosses to* L. *of desk*) Ah! Yes, I remember now. Well, I hope the girl gets off. She's a nice little thing.

SARAH. Oh, did you know her?

SMITHSON. Naturally one doesn't know salespeople; but they put her in my department when she first came to work here. She's a good saleswoman, as saleswomen go; in fact, I thought her a very worthy person. She's the last girl in the world I'd take for a thief. (*going toward door* L.) Will you please let me know when Mr. Gilder arrives? I have several little matters I want to discuss with him.

(SMITHSON *exits* L. *Door at* C. *is thrown open and* DICK GILDER *rushes in and down* C. *with a suitcase in his hand, as he speaks.*)

DICK. Hello, Dad!

(SARAH *looks up, and as she sees* DICK, *quickly rises and goes around lower end of desk to meet* DICK *at* C., *as she speaks.*)

SARAH. Why, Mr. Dick!

DICK. (DICK *stops at* C. *as he shows his displeasure at not finding his father in. He drops his suitcase and extends both his hands to* SADIE, *who takes them*) Oh, hello, Sadie. I'm home. Where's dad?

SARAH. In court.

DICK. (*as he drops* SARAH'S *hands*) In court? (*laughingly*) What's he done this time? (SARAH *laughs and, going to lower end of desk. sits and continues her work as* DICK *removes his hat and, crossing to the opposite side of the desk, half sits on it*) Remember the time that fresh cop arrested him for speeding? I thought he'd have the whole police force discharged.

SARAH. We didn't expect you for two or three months yet.

DICK. (*crossing to desk and half sitting on it*) Sadie, don't ever let the old man know it, he'd be all swelled up, and we can't afford to let our parents swell up. It's bad for them, but I got kind of homesick for dad.

SARAH. (*looking up at* DICK *with a laugh*) Oh!

DICK. That's the truth. I went broke, too.

(SARAH *laughs*)

DICK. What's father doing in court?

SARAH. One of the girls was arrested for stealing.

DICK. And dad went down to court to get her out of the scrape. Isn't that just like the old man.

SARAH. She was tried last week and convicted. The judge sent for Mr. Gilder to come down this morning and have a talk with him about the sentence.

DICK. Oh, well, it'll be all right. Dad's heart is as big as a barrel. He'll get her off. (DICK *gives a sudden start, jumps off desk and, as he goes hurriedly towards door at* C.) Oh, Lord! I forgot all about it.

SARAH. About what, Mr. Dick?

DICK. (*as he turns to* SARAH) My taxi's been waiting all this time. (SARAH *goes on with her work, not noticing* DICK. DICK *goes all through his pockets, when looking at* SARAH *with some hesitation*) Sadie—Sadie, have you got five dollars?

SARAH. (*looking at* DICK *with a laugh*) Five dollars?

DICK. Yes. I'm broke.

SARAH. Wait a minute. (SARAH *turns up stage and starts for her stocking.* DICK, *as he realizes what* SARAH *is about to do, turns away towards sample table and puts his hand over his eyes.* SARAH *gets the money from her stocking and, as she offers one bill across the desk to* DICK) Here you are.

DICK. (*as he quickly crosses to* SARAH *and takes the money*) Thanks. Say, Sadie, remember when I used to borrow nickels from you to buy candy?

SARAH. Yes, and you're not much older now than you were ten years ago.

DICK. (*as he crosses over and picks up his suitcase*) I'll be right back, but I won't come until I know dad's here. I want to give him the surprise of his young life. (*starts toward door at* C., *but stops and looks at his suitcase, then turns to* SARAH) Where can I put this so he won't see it?

SARAH. (*as she goes on with her work*) Oh, anywhere.

DICK. (*looks around, then*) Oh, I know. (*crosses and puts suitcase under sample table and starts to door* C.) Don't give him a hint, will you, Sadie?

SARAH. No, indeed!

DICK. (*in the doorway at* C.) That's an old bar. I'm tickled to death to see you again, Sadie, really I am.

SARAH. Me, too, Mr. Dick. (DICK *exits at* C. *Phone bell rings.* SARAH *rises, and, going around to upper end of desk so that she faces front, picks up 'phone*) Hello—hello? No, sir, he hasn't reached the office yet. (*pause*) At four this afternoon. Wait till I see. (SARAH *leans across the desk and looks at memo pad, then back into 'phone*) Yes, he'll be free at four, but he has another engagement at four-thirty— (MR. GILDER *enters at* C., *and as* SARAH *continues, bangs his hat on hat tree and crosses to 'phone*) Just a minute, Mr. Hastings. Here's Mr. Gilder now. (*to* GILDER, *as she sets the 'phone down and steps back*) Mr. Hastings of the Empire wants to know if you can see him at four this afternoon.

(MR. GILDER *picks up 'phone as* SARAH *crosses to sample table and examines samples.*)

MR. GILDER. (*into 'phone*) Oh, good morning. (*pause*) Yes, certainly, four will suit me admirably. (*pause*) Sunday? Why, yes, if you like. We can stop at the Claremont for a highball and have a lunch at the Country Club; yes, we can go out right after church. (*pause*) My dear fellow, you couldn't beat me in a thousand years. Why, I made the eighteen holes in ninety-two last week. (*pause*) For fifty, all right, you're on! (*With a laugh he bangs up receiver and goes to his chair at desk, sits and starts to work at his mail*)

SARAH. (*as* GILDER *sits*) What did they do to the Turner girl?

MR. GILDER. (*impatiently and going on sorting the mail*) I don't know. I couldn't wait. I don't see why Judge Lawler bothered me about the matter. He's the one to impose sentence, not me. I'm hours behind with my work now, and I had to stop on my way and talk for nearly an hour with old Cushing.

Sarah, he's getting more fussy every year. Sarah! (SARAH *crosses quickly to* L. *of desk,* GILDER *handing her a pile of opened letters*) Give these to Smith to attend to. (*handing her another pile of mail*) These go to Osgood. (GILDER *picks up another pile of letters and looking through them hurriedly*) I'll reply to this lot myself this afternoon. (*drops the letters into letter basket.* SARAH *starts door* L. *and* GILDER *takes back one letter from the basket*) Oh, Sarah. (SARAH *stops*) Take this before I forget it. (SARAH *comes back to the desk, seats herself in chair* L. *and picks up her notebook and pencil, taking* MR. GILDER'S *dictation*) "Mr. Gilden, Editor New York Herald—Dear Sir: Enclosed please find my check for one thousand dollars for your Free Ice Fund. It's going to be a very hard summer for the poor and I hope by starting the contributions to your noble charity at this early date, that you will be able to accomplish even more good than ever before. Very truly yours." (*to* SARAH) That's what I usually give, isn't it, Sarah?

SARAH. (*without looking up*) That's what you've given every year for the last ten years.

MR. GILDER. (*settling back in his chair with a self-satisfied air*) Ten thousand to this one charity alone. Ah, it's splendid to be able to help those less fortunate than ourselves!

SARAH. (*without looking away from her notebook*) Yes, sir, especially when we make so much we don't miss it.

GILDER. (*looking at* SARAH *rather sternly*) The profits from my store are large, I admit, but I neither smuggle my goods, take rebates from railroads, conspire against small competitors or do any of the dishonest things that disgrace other lines of business. As long as I make my profits honestly, I'm honestly entitled to them, no matter how large they are.

SARAH. (*rising and starting towards door* L.) Yes, sir.

GILDER. Have the cashier send my usual five hundred to the Charity Organization Society. (SARAH *starts toward door* L.) And, Sarah— (SARAH *stops and turns. She is just at* C.) I don't like your remark about my not missing the money I give. What difference does that make?

SARAH. (*at* C.) Oh, I didn't mean anything wrong, Mr. Gilder.

GILDER. Just the same, I don't like it. (SARAH *crosses to door* L. DEMAREST *enters at* C.) Well, Demarest? (*as* SARAH *reaches door* L., *she stops and turns*)

DEMAREST. (*at door* C.) Judge Lawler gave her three years.

GILDER. Three years? Good. Take this, Sarah. (*during* GILDER'S *next speech.* SARAH *crosses to* L. *of desk and stands with notebook open.* DEMAREST *goes to hat tree and hangs his hat up*) Have Smithson post a copy of it conspicuously in all the girls' dressing rooms, and in the reading room, lunch room and assembly room. (*dictating.* SARAH *takes the dictation, while* DEMAREST *comes down* C. *on a level with* SARAH) "Mary Turner, formerly employed in this store, was today sent to prison for three years, having been convicted of the theft of goods valued at over four hundred dollars. The management wishes again to draw the attention of its employees to the fact that honesty is always the best policy." Got that?

SARAH. Yes, sir.

GILDER. Take it to Smithson and tell him I want it attended to immediately.

SARAH. Yes, sir.

(SARAH *crosses to door* L. *and exits.* GILDER *opens right top drawer of his desk and takes out a box of cigars, which he offers to* DEMAREST.)

GILDER. Smoke, Demarest?

DEMAREST. (*crossing to back of chair* L. *of* GILDER'S *desk*) No, thanks.

GILDER. (*as he takes a cigar from the box, returns the box to the drawer and lights the cigar. Thoughtfully*) Three years—three years. Well, that ought to be a warning to the rest of the girls.

DEMAREST. (*over the back of the chair of* GILDER'S *desk*) Funny thing, this case. One of the most unusual I have seen since I began practicing law.

GILDER. (*sitting down in his chair and smoking cigar*) Very— (*puff*) Sad— (*puff*) case— (*puff*) I call it.

DEMAREST. Very sad case! The girl persists in declaring that she's innocent.

GILDER. But the stolen goods were found in her locker—some of them even in the pocket of her coat.

DEMAREST. She says some one must have put them there.

GILDER. Who, and for what reason? It's too absurd to talk about.

DEMAREST. She says, as well, that her record of five years in your employ ought to count.

GILDER. (*with finality*) A court of justice has declared her guilty.

DEMAREST. Nowadays we don't call them courts of justice, we call them courts of law.

GILDER. Anyway, it's out of our hands. There's nothing we can do.

DEMAREST. (*as he comes around from the back of the chair, and sits in the chair* L. *of* GILDER'S *desk*) Although I helped to prosecute the case, I am not proud of the verdict.

GILDER. Why?

DEMAREST. Because, in spite of the evidence, I'm not sure she's guilty.

GILDER. But the goods were found—

DEMAREST. (*interrupting him*) I admit it.

GILDER. (*triumphantly*) Then there you are.

DEMAREST. (*slowly and seriously*) Gilder, she wants to *see* you.

GILDER. What's the use? I can't have a woman crying all over the place and begging for mercy.

DEMAREST. The girl isn't begging for mercy. She's a very unusual girl—very unusual—much above the average saleswoman, both in brain and education. Just before the judge imposed sentence he asked her if she had anything to say—you know, the usual form—and she surprised us all by saying that she had. You should have waited, Gilder; she made a damn fine speech.

GILDER. (*with some eagerness*) Did she say anything against me or the store?

DEMAREST. Not a word; she told how her father died when she was in high school and how she had to earn her own living since she was sixteen, and how she worked for you for five years without there being a thing against her; she said she'd never even seen the goods found in her locker, and then asked the judge if he knew what it meant for a girl to be sent to prison for three years for something she hadn't done. It took brains and courage to do it, and it all rang true. I believe Lawler would have suspended the sentence if it hadn't been for your talk with him.

GILDER. (*rising*) I simply did my duty—(*crossing around in front of desk up to sample table*) I didn't seek the interview— (*turning and coming down* C.) Judge Lawler sent for me and asked me what I thought about the case; whether I thought it would be right to let the girl go on suspended sentence. (*turning to* DEMAREST) I told him frankly I thought an example should be made of her, for the sake of the others who might be tempted to steal. (*takes stage down* L., *then, turning to* DEMAREST) Property has some rights, Demarest, although it's getting so nowadays that nobody seems to think so. (*a pause, as* GILDER *smokes a puff or two and crosses to* C.) I can't understand why the girl wants to see me.

DEMAREST. (*as he rises and crosses to* GILDER, C.) She said if you'd see her for ten minutes, she'd tell you how to stop the thefts in this store.

GILDER. (*triumph*) There you are. She wants to confess. It's the first sign of decent feeling she has shown. There may have been others mixed up in this thing.

DEMAREST. Perhaps. Anyway, it can do no harm. I've seen the district attorney and he's given orders to have her brought here on her way to Grand Central. They are taking her up to Auburn. Better have a little talk with her. (*as Demarest goes up to hat tree and gets his hat,* GILDER *takes a step or two down* L.) Let me know what the girl tells you. I'm curious about it.

(*Door at* C. *is thrown violently open and* DICK *rushes in.*)

DICK. Hello, Dad! (DICK *rushes down to* GILDER, *dropping his hat on sample table at* L. C. *as he passes. They embrace*)

GILDER. Dick! (*after the embrace, as* DICK *draws back*) What brought you back?

DICK. (*as he steps back from* GILDER) Oh, I just wanted to come home. Say, Dad, I'm broke. (DEMAREST *comes slowly down* C. *with his hat in his hand*)

GILDER. Poker on the ship?

DICK. Nope. They hired Captain Kidd and a bunch of his pirates as stewards, and what they did to little Richard— (DICK *turns away from* GILDER *as if to cross to desk, and sees* DEMAREST. DICK *puts out his hand and they shake hands as* DICK *continues*) Why, hello, Mr. Demarest. You're looking fine. How's business?

DEMAREST. Pretty good, Dick, pretty good.

DICK. Glad to hear it.

DEMAREST. (DEMAREST *starts for the door up* C. DICK *crosses to upper end of desk at* R. C. *and* GILDER *crosses below the desk to his chair back of it, and sits, as he lays his cigar in the ash tray. As* DEMAREST *goes*) I'll get along now, Gilder. (DEMAREST, *about to go out, turns in the doorway*) Oh, come down and see me, Dick, any time you need legal advice.

DICK. (*at the upper end of the desk at* R. C. *and facing* DEMAREST) I'm not going to need any legal advice.

DEMAREST. I hope not. Good-bye.

(*Exits through door* C.)

DICK. (*comes around to the side of desk and sits on it, facing* GILDER, *and pats his shoulder*) Well, Dad, how goes it?

GILDER. Pretty well, son. I'm glad to see you home again, my boy.

DICK. And I'm glad to be home—to see you.

GILDER. Have a good time?

DICK. I had the time of my young life. I nearly broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

GILDER. (*with a laugh*) Oh! oh!

DICK. I'd have done it, too—if my money had lasted.

GILDER. (*with mock seriousness*) So that's where it went?

DICK. Yes, sir.

GILDER. Why didn't you cable me? (SARAH *enters door* L. *and crosses to* L. C.)

DICK. (*sincerely, and leaning across and placing his hand on his father's shoulder*) Because it gave me a good excuse for coming home.

SARAH. (*at* L. C., *with notebook and pencil*) I see you found him.

GILDER. Yes.

DICK. (*off the desk, passes around upper end of it to* C., *facing* SARAH) Sadie, you're looking finer than ever; and how thin you've grown!

SARAH. (*sincerely*) Really! (*as she takes stage, down* L.) How much do you think I've lost?

DICK. (*eyeing her, with a laugh*) Let me see. I should say about—two—ounces.

SARAH. (*as she turns and faces him with a laugh*) Oh, you!

DICK. You're not angry with me, are you?

SARAH. Why, no. Of course not. Then—

DICK. Then give me a little kiss. (DICK *starts towards* SARAH. SARAH *crosses in front of* DICK *and up towards door* C. *As* SARAH *passes* DICK, *he catches her left arm and she keeps him protesting and drawing closer to door* C. *with* DICK *trying to draw her to him*) Oh, come on, Sadie. (GILDER *rises and comes up above his desk towards* DICK *and* SARAH)

SARAH. No, no, please, Mr. Dick.

DICK. Just to show there's no ill-feeling.

SARAH. Oh, please stop, Mr. Dick.

GILDER. (*as he takes* DICK'S *right arm and starts him walking down stage.* DICK *releases* SARAH, *who exits at* C.) Now, Dick. That will do. Why, you're making Sarah blush!

DICK. A little kiss never hurts anyone. Here, I'll show you. (DICK *suddenly throws his right arm around* GILDER'S *neck, who is facing down stage and kisses his left cheek and then quickly takes a step from* GILDER)

GILDER. (*in surprise, as he rubs his cheek. Quickly*) God bless my soul! (*thoughtfully*) Why, I don't believe you've kissed me since you were a little boy! God bless my soul.

DICK. (*going to* GILDER *and putting his right arm around* GILDER'S *shoulder, with his right hand on* GILDER'S *right shoulder*) I'm awfully glad to see you again, Dad.

GILDER. (*affectionately, and as he reaches up his left hand and puts it on* DICK'S *right*) Are you, son? (*then quickly changes his manner, pushes* DICK *away from him in mock seriousness*) You chase out of here! (*as* GILDER *starts to go around to his desk and* DICK *starts up for his suitcase*) I'm a hard-working man. (*as* GILDER *stops and puts his hand in his pocket*) Wait a minute. Here it is. (DICK *stops and turns at center*) Here's some car-fare for you. (GILDER *takes out a roll of bills, takes off a couple and with his left hand offers them to* DICK. DICK *comes down stage to his father's side, reaches across* GILDER, *and takes the big roll of money out of* GILDER'S *right hand*)

DICK. Thanks. (GILDER *laughs and passes around the lower end of his desk and sits.* DICK *takes a step or two up* C. *and watches* GILDER *and as* GILDER *sits*) You can always get rid of me on the

same terms. (GILDER *starts to work on his mail, and* DICK *goes quickly up and gets his suit-case from under sample table and, as he is going to the door* C.) See you later. (DICK, *about to go out, stops and turns to* GILDER) Oh, Dad, for the love of heaven, give Sadie five dollars. I just borrowed it from her to pay for the taxi.

(DICK *exits quickly through* C. GILDER *chuckles at his desk and goes back to his work.*)

GILDER. (*to himself*) Finest boy in the world—that's all. (*picks up his cigar. As* SMITHSON *enters* L. *and quickly crosses to the* L. *of* GILDER'S *desk,* GILDER *just looks up and sees who it is and goes on with his work as he speaks*) Well, Smithson, what is it?

SMITHSON. McCracken, the store detective, has detained a *lady,* sir. She's been searched and we have found about a hundred dollars' worth of lace on her.

GILDER. (*without looking up*) Well?

SMITHSON. I thought it better to bring the matter to your attention, sir.

GILDER. Not at all necessary, Smithson. You know my views on the subject of property. Tell McCracken to have the thief arrested.

SMITHSON. She's not exactly a thief, Mr. Gilder.

GILDER. (*looking up in surprise*) Not a thief? In heaven's name, what would you call her?

SMITHSON. I'd call her a kleptomaniac, sir. You see, the lady happens to be the wife of J. W. Gaskell.

GILDER. Gaskell? Gaskell? President of the Central National Bank?

SMITHSON. Yes, sir.

GILDER. That's very awkward. (*pause*) You were quite right in coming to me. (*pause, as* GILDER *stops and thinks*) Of course, there's nothing we can do. Put the stuff back on the counter and let her go. (*returns to his work*)

SMITHSON. She's very angry, sir; she demands an apology.

GILDER. (*irritable and without raising his head*) Well, apologize to her.

SMITHSON. (*coming to door* L.) Yes, sir.

GILDER. (*pause, until* SMITHSON *gets to door* L.) And—er—Smithson— (SMITHSON *stops at door and turns to* GILDER. GILDER *presses button as he looks at* SMITHSON *and continues*) I'll take it as a personal favor, if you will tactfully advise the lady that the goods at Stern's and Altman's are even finer than ours.

SMITHSON. (*with a knowing smile*) Yes, sir. I'll see what I can do, Mr. Gilder.

(*Exits* L. SARAH *enters up* C. *door with notebook and pencil.*)

GILDER. (*as* SARAH *enters, up* C. *door*) Now then, Sarah. (SARAH *comes down quickly to chair* L. *of* GILDER'S *desk and takes* GILDER'S *dictation in shorthand notes.* GILDER *dictating*) "J. W. Gaskell, Central National Bank, New York. My dear Mr. Gaskell. I feel that I shall be doing less than my duty as a man if I did not let you know that Mrs. Gaskell is in urgent need of medical attention. She came into our store today and—" No, wait a minute, put it this way: (SARAH *scratches out a mark or two*) "We found her wandering about our store today in a very nervous condition. In her excitement she carried away about a hundred dollars' worth of lace. Not recognizing her, our store detective arrested her." No—no—make that "detained

her for a short time." (SARAH *scratches out a note or two in her book*) "Fortunately for us all, Mrs. Gaskell was able to explain who she was, and she has just gone to her home. Hoping for your wife's speedy recovery and with all good wishes, I remain, Yours very truly,—" (*to* SARAH) Sarah, I can't understand the theft—it's entirely beyond my comprehension. (SMITHSON *enters door* L. *and advances a few steps inside the door and above it*) Now, Smithson, what is it?

SMITHSON. Mrs. Gaskell wants you to apologize to her.

GILDER. (*rising and stepping to lower end of his desk*) What?

SMITHSON. And she wants the store detective discharged.

GILDER. (*crossing to* C.) Discharge McCracken?

SMITHSON. She seems slightly hysterical, sir.

GILDER. (*crossing to door* L.) Well, I'll apologize to her; but I'll be damned if I discharge McCracken.

(GILDER *exits* L., *followed by* SMITHSON, *who closes the door.* SARAH *laughingly rises and crosses to upper right corner of sample table, fixing up a sample and examining it. As* SARAH *picks up sample the door at* L. *opens and* HELEN *enters quietly. She glances at* SARAH, *and as she turns to close the door, looks off stage and speaks.*)

HELEN. Sadie! (HELEN, *receiving no answer, turns and crosses quickly up to* L. *of table and appears nervous*) Sadie!!

SARAH. (*as she sees who it is*) Now what do you want?

HELEN. (*with forced calm*) I just saw the boss go out. (*anxiously*) What did they do to Mary Turner?

SARAH. (*as she crosses to* L. *of* GILDER'S *desk, with her back to* HELEN) You'll know soon enough.

HELEN. (*as she starts to cross to* SARAH *and gets as far as the chair in front of sample table*) Tell me now.

SARAH. (*without turning*) They sent her to prison for three years.

HELEN. Three years?

SARAH. Yes.

HELEN. (*as she turns a step backwards, and turning so that she faces front*) Good God!

SARAH. (*as she turns and crosses to* HELEN) See here, what are you so anxious about it for? This is the third time you've asked me about Mary Turner today. What is it to you? (*during* SARAH'S *speech* HELEN *shows she is trying to recover her self-control*)

HELEN. (*without looking at* SARAH) Nothing—nothing at all—only she's a friend of mine, a great friend.—Three years! (*turning and taking a step toward door* L.) I didn't understand— (*another step toward door*) It's awful. (*another step*) It's awful.

(*Exits through door* L. *As* HELEN *goes out,* SARAH *watches her with a puzzled look. then turning crosses to* GILDER'S *desk, she pushes the chair* L. *of the desk down stage to the lower end of desk. Just as* SARAH *reaches desk, several firm, hard knocks are heard at the door up* C.)

SARAH. (*as she picks up a letter from the desk and, without turning, says*) Come in.

(*The door is opened by* CASSIDY, *and* MARY TURNER *is discovered in the doorway, head hanging and handcuffs attached to her left wrist. On her left hand, and holding the other end of the handcuff, is* CASSIDY. *They slowly enter* MARY,

slightly in front. CASSIDY *closes door afterward. Then they slowly come down* C. *and are on a line with the middle of* GILDER'S *desk. At* CASSIDY'S *first word,* SARAH *turns and faces them.* CASSIDY *speaks as they come to a stop,* C.)

CASSIDY. The district attorney told me to bring this girl here on my way to Grand Central.

SARAH. (*to* CASSIDY) Mr. Gilder will be right back. (*crossing to* MARY, *and taking her right hand impulsively*) I'm terribly sorry, Mary, terribly sorry.

MARY. (*dully*) Are you? Nobody's been near me the whole time I've been in the Tombs. Nobody's been near me.

SARAH. (*as she drops* MARY'S *hand*) Helen Morris was just asking about you. She's all broke up.

MARY. Who's Helen Morris? I don't know her. Why should she care?

SARAH. Why, she said she was a friend of yours, and—

(GILDER *enters,* L., *smoking his cigar and starts to cross to his desk. As he sees the group, he pauses, takes the cigar from his mouth, then to* SARAH.)

GILDER. You may go, Sarah.

SARAH. Yes, sir!

(*Up to door* C. *and exits.* GILDER *looks at* MARY *a minute, and as she returns the look,* GILDER *crosses over to the lower* R. *corner of his desk, stops and turns to* MARY, *speaking.* MARY *has followed him with her eyes.*

GILDER. I am very sorry about this, my girl.

MARY. You should be.

GILDER. Come, come, that's no tone to take!

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y she's wearing these.

MARY. I tell you, I won't do it.

GILDER. What's the use of all this pretence? You were given a fair trial.

MARY. Oh, no, I wasn't. If it had been fair, I shouldn't be here.

CASSIDY. That's another thing they all say.

MARY. Do you call it fair when the only lawyer I had was a boy the court told me to take,—a boy trying his first case—getting experience, they call it—yes, getting it at my expense!

GILDER. The jury found you guilty.

MARY. Because they had been out for three hours and the judge threatened to lock them up all night! The men were tired and wanted to get home, and the easy thing to do was to find me guilty and let it go at that. Was that fair? Was it fair for you to come down to the court this morning and tell the judge that I ought to be sent to prison as a warning to the others?

GILDER. You mean—

MARY. Oh! I heard you. It wasn't, did I do it, or didn't I do it? It was to be a warning to the others. (*a pause.* MARY *sobs softly*) Mr. Gilder—

(*crossing half-way toward Gilder*) As God is my judge, you are sending me to prison for three years for something I didn't do. (*a pause, plaintively*) Why did you ask the judge to send me to prison?

GILDER. The thieving that has been going on in this store for over a year has got to stop.

MARY. Sending me to prison won't stop it.

GILDER. Perhaps not; but the discovery and punishment of the other guilty ones will! Now, you sent me word that you could tell me how to stop the thefts here. Do this, and while I can make you no definite promises, I will see what can be done about getting you out of your present difficulty. (GILDER *moves around the corner of his desk as he continues*) Come now, tell me, who were your accomplices?

MARY. (*losing control of herself*) I have no accomplices! I never stole anything in my life! Must I go on telling you over and over again? Why won't anyone believe me?

GILDER. (*pause, as* GILDER *moves to back corner of desk; then sternly and sharply*) Unless you control yourself you must go. (*softening*) Why did you send me that message if you have nothing to tell me?

MARY. (*pause, as she regains her self-control*) I have some things to tell you, only I—sort of lost my grip, walking through the streets with this man by my side.

CASSIDY. Most of them do—the first time.

GILDER. Well?

MARY. Well, when you sit in a cell for three months waiting trial like I did, and then for another month wondering what your sentence is going to be, you think a lot, so I got the idea if I could talk to you, I might be able to make you understand what's

really wrong. And if I could do that and so help out the other girls, what's happened to me wouldn't be quite so awful. (*pleadingly and slowly crossing to* GILDER'S *desk,* CASSIDY *following*) Mr. Gilder, do you really want to stop the girls from stealing?

GILDER. Most certainly I do.

MARY. Then give them a fair chance.

GILDER. What do you mean?

MARY. Give them a living chance to be honest.

GILDER. A living chance?

MARY. A living chance to get enough food to eat and a decent room to sleep in, and shoes that will keep their feet off the sidewalks on winter mornings. Do you think any girl wants to steal? Do you think she wants to *risk*—?

GILDER. So, this is what you're taking my time up for? To make a maudlin plea for a lot of dishonest girls when I thought you were bringing me facts!

MARY. (*pause, as* MARY *straightens up and takes a step back from the desk, then in a low clear tone*) We work nine hours a day for six dollars a week. That's a fact, isn't it? And an honest girl can't live decently on six dollars a week—and buy food and clothes and pay room-rent and car-fare, that's another fact, isn't it?

GILDER. (*as he sits at his desk and starts to attend to his mail*) I don't care to discuss these things.

MARY. (*moving up close to the desk,—pleadingly*) And I don't want to discuss anything, I only want to give you what you ask for—facts. (*pause*) When they first locked me up I just sat and hated you.

GILDER. Of course.

worked for you, and I've gone without them to stay straight, and now you're sending me to prison for three years for something I didn't do!

GILDER. Take her away, officer.

MARY. That's why I dare!

GILDER. Take her away. (CASSIDY *draws* MARY *two or three steps toward center*)

MARY. Oh, he can take me now. Three years isn't forever and when I come out you're going to pay me for every minute of them. There won't be a day or an hour that I won't remember that it was your word at the last that sent me to prison, and you're going to pay me for that, you're going to pay me for the five years I've starved making money for you—you're going to pay me for everything I'm losing today—(CASSIDY *shakes the handcuffs and starts toward door center.* MARY *takes a step or two down center, sticking her hand out and dragging that of* CASSIDY *with it, showing the handcuffs*)—and you're going to pay me for this—you're going to pay—you're going to—!

CURTAIN

ACT II

TIME:—*Four years later—Spring.*

SCENE:—*Room in* MARY TURNER'S *apartment in Gramercy Square. It is a well furnished room with a door down left, leading into* MARY'S *bedroom. Another door up left center leading into a hall, and a door up right leading into another hall. Up left is a bay-window, and up right is a fireplace.*

LIGHTS:—*The sunlight is coming in through the bay window, and the stage is bright. There is plenty of light coming in at all of the doors as they are opened.*

AT RISE:—AGNES *enters through the door at up-right-center with a vase of buttercups in her hand. She closes the doors and as she comes down stage glances over towards* MARY'S *room at left, the door of which is open. She comes down stage to the right of the trick table and places the vase of buttercups on the table, picks up a magazine from the table, passes around the table to the chair left of it, and as she sits, she speaks.*

AGNES. What are you doin' Mary, dolling up?

MARY. (*off stage left, in room, the door of which is opened*) I've an important engagement.

AGNES. (*as she reads her magazine*) Are you goin' out again with that young Gilder?

MARY. Yes.

AGNES. Nice boy, isn't he? (*starts to read magazine*)

MARY. I suppose so.

AGNES. (*looking up towards* MARY'S *door. Sharply.*) Suppose so? He's here so much we ought to be charging him for his meals—and you don't know whether he's the goods or not. (*Returns to reading magazine*)

MARY. (*as she enters from room left, dressed for the street, crosses back of table left to right of it and continues putting on her gloves*) I know he's the son of Edward Gilder and that's enough for me.

AGNES. (*turning in her chair toward Mary*) I can't get you, Mary. You never looked at a man—why, from the way you acted when I first ran into you after we left Auburn prison, I thought you'd become a suffragette, and then you meet young Gilder,—and—good-night, nurse! (*returns to reading magazine*)

MARY. Well?

AGNES. (*turning to* MARY, *sharply*) His old man sends you up for a stretch for something you didn't do and you take up with his son like—

MARY. Yes, perhaps that's the reason.

AGNES. Gee, I'm getting wise. (*looking back to her magazine*)

MARY. Agnes, whatever there is between young Gilder and me is my affair. I don't want to talk about it but—I do want to know what you were doing with that pickpocket yesterday. (AGNES *turns to* MARY *as if about to speak*) Oh, I saw you. (AGNES *sheepishly returns to reading her magazine*) Joe Garson told me who he was. A common pickpocket.

AGNES. (*looking up quickly*) Common? (*then turning to* MARY) He's the best dip in the business. I guess I've got a right to speak to my own brother if I want to. (*turning back again to read her magazine*)

MARY. Oh, your brother. What did he want, money?

AGNES. (*turning to* MARY) Nix. Business is immense. This has been a great year for crooks. (*back to reading magazine*)

MARY. How can it be? With the dead line at John Street and——

AGNES. (*turning to* MARY) Dead line? Wake up, my dear. Why, Jim takes lunch every day at the Wall Street Delmonico's. Yes, and he went down to Police Headquarters yesterday. (*laugh*) Say, they've got a mat at the front door with "Welcome" on it in letters three feet high. (*pauses as* AGNES *laughs*) He lifted a leather from a bull that was standing in the hallway. (*back to reading magazine*)

MARY. It's no use, Agnes. I can't remember your slang. What did he do?

AGNES. (*still reading magazine*) He copped the copper's kale.

MARY. He what?

AGNES. (*turning to Mary and with a great deal of emphasis and in her ladylike manner*) He gently removed a leather wallet containing a large sum of money from the coat pocket of a member of the detective force. (*naturally*) Say, he says Inspector Burke got a gold watch that weighs a ton, all set with diamonds. It was gave to him by admiring friends. (*goes back to reading*)

MARY. Given, now, Agnes, please: given.

AGNES. (*looking up in surprise*) What difference does that make, he's got it. (*turning to* MARY)

When I get time I'm going after that watch. (*back to reading magazine*)

MARY. Oh, no, you're not. (AGNES *looks up*) As long as you're working with us you'll break no laws.

AGNES. (*turning to* MARY) But I can't see—?

MARY. Now Agnes, when you worked alone, did you have a home like this?

AGNES. (*as she looks around the room*) No.

MARY. Or good clothes, or proper food, or safety from the police?

AGNES. No, but I can't see——

MARY. (*crossing to center*) Agnes, the richest men in this country have made their fortunes not because of the law, but in spite of it. They made up their minds what they wanted to do and they engaged lawyers clever enough to show them how they could do it and still stay inside the law. Anyone with brains can get rich in this country if he'll engage the right lawyer. I have the brains, and my attorney, Harris, is showing me the law—the wonderful twisted law that was made for the rich. As long as we keep inside the law we're safe.

AGNES. (*taking her magazine with her, rising and crossing to* MARY) Gee, that's funny, you and me and Joe Garson handin' it to 'em right and left and the bulls can't touch us. The next you know Harris will be havin' us incorporated as the American Legal Crime Co.

MARY. (*with her arm around* AGNES' *shoulder*) I shouldn't be in the least surprised. (*phone rings. Both look toward phone, then* MARY *crosses to phone to answer it and* AGNES *crosses down right with her magazine and sits and starts reading.* MARY *at the upper side of table, down left, answers the phone as she stands facing the front*) Hello. (*tenderly*)

Oh, Dick. (*pause*) Yes, I'm ready. (*pause*) I understand,—why it's just around the corner from here. I won't be five minutes. By the way, I read the papers very carefully this morning. I didn't see anything about our going down there together, did you? (*pause*) I thought of course, when you mentioned your father's name it was bound to come out. (*pause. Strong and hard*) Oh, I see. It's wonderful what money will do, isn't it? (*pause. Lovingly*) Do you suppose, if I didn't care for you I'd be coming to you now? (*pause*) No, please, stay where you are. I really won't be five minutes. (MARY *hangs up receiver*)

AGNES. (*looking up from magazine*) Say, what's all this?

MARY. Secrets, Agnes, secrets. (*starting toward door up left center*) I shan't be gone over—(GARSON *enters up left center and steps in, to* MARY'S *right, and removes his hat*) Oh, good-morning, Joe.

GARSON. Good-morning.

MARY. You're around early?

GARSON. Oh, a little bit. Going out?

AGNES. No, she's putting in a ton of coal. (MARY *and* JOE *both laugh*)

MARY. Wait for me, Joe. I shan't be gone more than ten or fifteen minutes. (MARY *exits up left center.* GARSON *turns and drops his hat on couch up center, and crosses down right toward* AGNES *as far as the trick table.* AGNES *is seated in the chair down right reading her magazine*)

GARSON. Where's she going?

AGNES. (*without looking up*) Had a date with young Gilder.

GARSON. M'm. She's been with him a good deal lately.

AGNES. That's what.

GARSON. Think she's stuck on him?

AGNES. (*looking up at* GARSON) Why not? Bet your life I'd be if I had the chance. (GARSON *turns and crosses to chair right of table at left center, sits and picks up magazine from table*) He's one swell boy and entirely surrounded by money. (*pause.* GARSON'S *manner shows that he's uneasy*) Say, Joe, if there's anything on your mind, shoot it.

GARSON. It's Mary and young Gilder.

AGNES. Well?

GARSON. Well, I can't see any good in it for her.

AGNES. Why?

GARSON. Old man Gilder's got a big pull and if he gets wise to his son going around with Mary he'll send the bulls down after us strong. Believe me, I ain't looking for any trip up the river.

AGNES. We ain't done anything they can touch us for—Mary says so.

GARSON. Whether you done anything or you ain't, once the bulls set out to get yer, they'll get yer. Why, Russia ain't in it with some o' the things I've seen pulled off in this town. (*door-bell rings off left center*)

AGNES. Yes, but they can't touch us; we got our fingers crossed.

GARSON. (*with a laugh*) Can't, eh?

CASSIDY. (CASSIDY *starts speaking outside, opens the door and comes just inside during his line.* FANNIE *is following closely and comes to a stand still at* CASSIDY'S *left. At the first sound of* CASSIDY'S *voice* GARSON *rises and turns and faces the door and takes the stage a little to the left.* CASSIDY *does not remove his hat during the following scene*) Never mind that announcing thing.

FANNIE. (*angrily*) You get out of here. What do you mean by pushing your way in here like this?

CASSIDY. (*watching* GARSON) Beat it!

GARSON. It's all right, Fannie. (FANNIE *turns and exits up left center closing the door after her*)

CASSIDY. (*without moving and in a familiar tone*) Hello—Joe—Hello, Aggie!

GARSON. Well?

CASSIDY. (*coming down center*) Oh just a friendly little call. Where's the lady of the house?

GARSON. (*as he turns with his back against the front of the table at left center*) Why, she's out.

CASSIDY. (*in a little sharper tone*) Well, when she gets back, Joe, you tell her it's up to her to make her getaway and make it quick.

AGNES. Say, you can't throw a scare into us. You haven't got anything on us. (*at first word from* AGNES, CASSIDY *turns to her*)

GARSON. Right.

CASSIDY. (*to* AGNES) Nothing on you, eh? (*to* GARSON) You're Joe Garson, ain't yer?

GARSON. Well, what of it?

CASSIDY. (*feels his pockets quickly and takes out a note book from his vest pocket and opens it and reads*) Joe Garson, forger. First arrested in '91, for forging the name of Edwin Goodsell for a check for ten thousand dollars; again arrested in '98, for forging the signature of Oscar Hemmingway to a series of counterfeit bonds; arrested as the man back of the Reilly gang in '03; arrested in '08 for forgery. (CASSIDY *returns book to his pocket*)

GARSON. (*quietly*) Haven't got any records of convictions, have you?

CASSIDY. No——but we got the right dope on you. (*turning to* AGNES *with sarcasm*) And you're little Aggie Lynch, posin' as Mary Turner's cousin. Did two years for blackmail. Was arrested in Buffalo

and served yer time in Auburn. Nothin' on yer? (*looking at* GARSON) Well? (*looking at* AGGIE) Well?

AGNES. My Gawd, it looks as tho' you'd actually been working. (*during the laugh,* CASSIDY *looks "mad," turns to* GARSON *and quickly turns and gives* AGNES *another look—then turns to* GARSON)

CASSIDY. And the head of the gang is Mary Turner. Arrested four years ago for robbin' "The Emporium." Done a stretch of three years.

GARSON. (*quietly crossing to* CASSIDY) That all you got about her?

CASSIDY. That's enough, ain't it?

GARSON. Got anything in your record about her coming out of the stir without a friend in the world and tryin' to go straight? (*pause. As* CASSIDY *does not answer*) I suppose you forgot about going to that millinery store where she finally got a job and tippin' them off to where she came from?

CASSIDY. Sure they were tipped off. We got to protect the city.

GARSON. Yes. Got anything in that record of yours about her gettin' another job an' you followin' up again, and havin' her thrown out? Got anything in that record about the letter you had old Gilder write tellin' the next people she was workin' for, what she's done to him, or what he thought she'd done?

CASSIDY. Oh, we had her right the first time.

GARSON. Yes, you did—not. She was railroaded for a job she'd never done. She went in honest and came out honest.

CASSIDY. And now she's here with a gang of crooks.

GARSON. Where else should she be? You got anything in that record about us jumpin' into the river after her? That's where I found her—a girl that never done any harm to anyone—starving because you bulls wouldn't give her a chance to work—in the river, because she wouldn't take the only other way left her to make a livin'. Have you got any of that in your little book?

CASSIDY. Guess you must be kinder stuck on her, eh?

GARSON. (*turning away from* CASSIDY; *quietly*) Cut that.

CASSIDY. (*sharply*) What?

GARSON. (*turning to* CASSIDY, *and stronger*) Cut it!

CASSIDY. (*stronger*) Why, you don't mean——?

GARSON. (*quickly up to* CASSIDY *and looking him straight in the eye and speaking savagely*) I mean, cut it. (*pause. Then slowly and quietly*) Do you get me? (*pause. Then* CASSIDY *sinks back a step.* GARSON *holds his position without moving. Just as* CASSIDY *shows the first sign of sinking,* AGNES *speaks*)

AGNES. He's got yer.

CASSIDY. (*looking at* GARSON *in admiration*) Gee, you'd been a big man, Joe, if it hadn't been for that temper of yours. It's got you into trouble a lot of times, some day it'll get you in so wrong you'll never get out.

GARSON. (*quietly but firmly*) That's my business. (*pause, as* GARSON *crosses left to front of table*)

CASSIDY. (*after pause*) Well anyway, you've got to clear out—the whole gang of you—and do it quick.

AGNES. (*rising, dropping magazine in chair and crossing to* CASSIDY) Say, listen, we don't scare worth a cent—you can't do anything to us. (*as she turns away*) We ain't broke the law.

CASSIDY. (*in amazement*) What?

AGNES. (*stopping suddenly and as she smiles over her shoulder at* CASSIDY) Well, maybe we've bent it.

CASSIDY. It don't make any difference what you've done.

AGNES. (*freshly*) No?

CASSIDY. (*positively*) No. (*looking from* AGNES *to* GARSON) Gee, things are comin' to a pretty pass when a couple of crooks gets to arguing about their rights.

GARSON. Yes.

CASSIDY. That's funny.

AGNES. Then laugh, Ha! Ha!

CASSIDY. (*sharply*) Well, you've got the tip and it's up to you to take it. If you don't, one of you will make a long visit with some people out of town. (*to* GARSON) and it'll probably be—Mary. Remember Joe, I'm givin' it to you straight. (*starts up center toward door. Only gets a couple of steps when* AGNES' *voice stops him and he turns to* AGNES)

AGNES. (*as she follows* CASSIDY *up stage and stops at his right side—then in her ladylike manner*) Do come again soon, won't you, little one? I've enjoyed your visit so much. Good afternoon. (AGNES *kisses the tips of her fingers and quickly puts them on* CASSIDY'S *lips.* CASSIDY *turns quickly away in disgust and exits up left center.* AGNES *standing still and looking after* CASSIDY) The truck-horse detective. An 18-inch collar, a 6½ hat. (*crossing down toward* GARSON *as far as chair right at table,*

at left center. Seriously) He was right about one thing, too.

GARSON. (*as he starts across to chair left of trick table*) I know—my temper.

AGNES. Yes.

GARSON. I can't help it. (*sitting in chair left of trick table and picking up newspaper from floor*) I know I shouldn't let it break out, but I can't help it.

AGNES. He had his nerve; tryin' to bluff us.

GARSON. Perhaps it wasn't a bluff.

AGNES. (*as she takes a step toward* GARSON) What have we done?

GARSON. It ain't what you've done—it's what they can make the jury think you've done; and once they set out to get you, how they can frame things. If they ever set out after Mary——

AGNES. (*crossing a little nearer* GARSON) Joe, you're a grand little forger, but Mary's got the brains and I'll string along with her as far as she wants to go. She's educated me. She talks like a lady and she acts like a lady. (*as she does an exaggerated ladylike walk up to back of chair right of table at left center*—GARSON *watching her—in her ladylike manner*) She's trying to make a lady out of me.

GARSON. (*as he continues to read his paper*) She's got a swell chance.

AGNES. Is that so? Pipe the tea-stuff! (*in rather exaggerated society manner at the back of table at left center.* GARSON *watches her. As she pretends to shake hands*) How do you do, Mrs. Jones? So good of you to call! (*turning to the other side*) Oh, my dear Miss Smith, this *is* a pleasure! (*pretending to put sugar in a cup of tea*) One lump or two? (*as if she had cream in her hand*) No cream? Oh, dear, and it's so expensive this year! (*as she*

pretends to hand cup of tea to someone) Yes, I just love bridge. No, I don't play it, but just the same I love it. (*as she crosses toward* GARSON *just beyond chair right of table, talking naturally*) That's the kind of stuff she's been havin' me do. (*turning and crossing to table at left centre and below chair at its right*) And, believe me, it's pretty damn near killed me! (*picks up magazine from table*)

GARSON. (*as he returns to reading*) Mary's refined all right.

AGNES. (*turning to* GARSON *quickly*) Sure she is, but she does some things that certainly get me. (*as she looks around room*) Look at this room. (*to* GARSON) It's supposed to be swell. Well, I can't see it——(*as she sits in chair right of table at left center and faces front*)—why, she ain't got one gold chair in the whole place!

GARSON. I'll bet it's the goods just the same. (*door bell rings*)

AGNES. (*as she turns in her chair so as to face* GARSON) Sure—I'm for Mary strong. Stick to her and you'll wear diamonds. (*regretfully*) I wish to God she'd let me wear mine—but she won't—she says they're vulgar. Now how can anything be vulgar that costs two hundred and fifty a carat? (FANNIE *opens door and closes it after her and stands just inside the door*)

GARSON. Search me! I don't know.

FANNIE. There's a girl wants to see Miss Turner.

AGNES. (*in her society manner*) Has she a card?

FANNIE. No, but she says it's very important.

GARSON. (*to* AGNES, *dropping his paper to the floor between his chair and trick table*) Better have her come in and wait.

AGNES. (*in her society manner*) Fannie, tell the young lady to come in. (AGNES *looks at* GARSON *and* GARSON *watches* AGNES, *smiles as she gets up and does her society walk down to the front of the table at left center.* AGNES *then turns to* GARSON *with a knowing smile*)

GARSON. (*after* AGNES *looks at him, rises and as he goes up to door at up right center*) I wonder who it is?

AGNES. (*naturally*) No idea—but it can't do no harm to have her in and pipe her off.

GARSON. Right. (FANNIE *opens door at up left center and* HELEN, *pale and shabbily dressed, enters and stops just inside the door and* FANNIE *closes the door*)

AGNES (*as* HELEN *stops. In her society manner*) Won't you come in, please?

HELEN. (HELEN *walks down center in silence until she faces* AGNES) Are you Miss Turner?

AGNES. (*in her society manner*) Oh, I'm awfully sorry, I'm only her cousin Agnes Lynch.

HELEN. (*as she slightly drops her head in disappointment*) Oh!

AGNES. (*quickly and in her society manner*) Miss Turner will be back almost any moment now.

HELEN. (*a little anxiously*) Could I wait?

AGNES. (*as she indicates chair left of trick table, then in her society manner*) Oh, yes. Won't you sit down, please? (HELEN *crosses to chair indicated.* AGNES *crosses to chair right of table at left centre and* GARSON *quietly comes down to back of trick table.* HELEN *does not notice* GARSON. *As* HELEN *sits in the chair* AGNES *sits and* GARSON *speaks to* HELEN *a little sharply*)

GARSON. You don't know Miss Turner? (*at* GARSON'S *first word,* HELEN *slightly turns to* GARSON *and shrinks a little*)

HELEN. No, sir.

GARSON. What do you want to see her for?

HELEN. She once helped a girl friend of mine and I thought——

GARSON. She might help you!

HELEN. (*as she bows her head*) Yes.

AGNES. (*quickly rising and starting toward* HELEN *and naturally*) Then you've been in stir—(*a quick look of warning from* GARSON *and a look of surprise stops* AGNES *shortly at center and then in her ladylike tone*)—prison, I mean?

HELEN. (*dropping her head with shame*) Yes, Miss.

AGNES. (*in her affected manner and taking the stage to the front of table at left center*) How sad, how very very sad!

(FANNIE *opens the door at up left for* MARY, *who stops in the doorway and gives her hat, parasol and gloves to* FANNIE, *then steps into the room and sees* HELEN *as* FANNIE *closes the door*)

MARY. (*coming down* C. *To* AGNES) A visitor, Agnes? (AGNES *nods as* MARY *takes a step or two toward* HELEN. *On* MARY'S *first word* HELEN *turns in her chair toward* MARY *and slowly recognizes her*)

HELEN. (*rising and turning toward* MARY) You—you are Miss Turner?

MARY. Yes.

HELEN. (*as she faces front*) Mary Turner! (*as she sinks into chair*) Oh, my God! (MARY *crosses quickly to* HELEN, *then to* GARSON, *who is still back of trick table*)

MARY. Joe, have Fannie bring a glass of milk with an egg in it, quick, please. (GARSON *crosses quickly to up left center and exits*)

HELEN. I didn't know.

MARY. (*with her arms around* HELEN'S *shoulders*) Don't try to talk until you've had something to eat.

AGNES. (*crossing part way toward* HELEN) She's hungry and I never even thought of it. Ain't I the simp?

HELEN. I'm starving.

MARY. (*helping* HELEN *to rise*) I understand. (*to* AGNES, *quickly crossing to* HELEN'S *right and putting her arms around* HELEN *and helping her*) Take her to my room. (*all three start across stage left, and as they get to table at left center* MARY *drops back and follows*) Have her drink the egg and milk slowly, then lie down for a while.

AGNES. Sure. You come along with me. We'll fix you up, all right. Come along with me.

(HELEN *and* AGNES *exit through door at left.* MARY *stops at door watching them.* GARSON *enters at up left center door, coming down to back of table at left center as he speaks*)

GARSON. Mary.

MARY. (*turning away from door and crossing to back of chair left of table at left center*) Yes.

GARSON. There's a man named Irwin out there—

MARY. Oh! General Hastings' lawyer.

GARSON. Yes. He says he wants to see you.

MARY. (*after a moment's thought*) Would you mind asking him to come in, Joe? (GARSON *starts toward door at up left center*) Fannie's busy getting something for that poor girl in there. (GARSON *exits, closing door*) Agnes, oh Aggie, just a minute please. (AGNES *enters and crosses to* MARY. MARY

puts her arms around AGNES' *shoulders*) Mr. Irwin, General Hastings' lawyer is here. He wants to see you. When I call, come in please, but you'd better leave everything to me. Just follow my lead—(AGNES *smiles and starts toward door left.* MARY *stops her*) And Agnes, be very ingenue.

AGNES. I'm wise. (*crosses to door left and turns*) I'll be a squab.

(AGNES *exits and* GARSON *opens door, and* IRWIN, *dropping his hat on table, steps into the room and stops just at the head of the couch.* IRWIN *is followed by* FANNIE, *who carries a glass of milk on a tray and stops just above table at left centre.* GARSON *closes door and* MARY *passes around to the front of chair, left of table at left center*)

MARY. (*to* IRWIN) You wanted to see me?

IRWIN. Yes. (IRWIN *comes slowly down center*)

MARY. (*to* FANNIE) Take it to my room, please.

(FANNIE *crosses and exits through door left*)

IRWIN. I hope no one is ill?

MARY. No. Just a poor girl half starved—that's all. (*to* IRWIN) Won't you sit down. (*pause as* IRWIN *sits in chair right of table and* MARY *sits on chair left of table. Each watching the other*)

IRWIN. I called in reference to the suit which Miss Agnes Lynch threatens to bring against my client, General Hastings.

MARY. It isn't a threat, Mr. Irwin. The suit will be brought.

IRWIN. Of course you realize that it's blackmail.

(FANNIE *enters at door left and crosses up toward door at up left center*)

MARY. If it's blackmail, Mr. Irwin, why don't you consult the pol—? Oh, Fannie—(FANNIE *stops and turns to* MARY) Will you ask Miss Lynch to

come in, please? (FANNIE *crosses to door left and exits*) Really, Mr. Irwin, I think you'd better take this matter to the police.

IRWIN. You know perfectly well that General Hastings cannot afford such publicity.

MARY. I'm quite sure the police would keep your complaint a secret. Really, Mr. Irwin, why don't you tell your troubles to a policeman?

IRWIN. Very well, then. (*rising and crossing quickly up toward door at up left center*) I will.

MARY. (*rising and pushing phone toward* IRWIN) 3100 Spring will bring an officer almost immediately.

(IRWIN *comes down quickly, picks up 'phone and is about to lift off receiver when* MARY *laughs. He quickly sets it down, and crosses down center*)

IRWIN. Nevertheless General Hastings did not promise to marry that girl.

AGNES. (AGNES *appears in doorway followed by* FANNIE *who quickly crosses to door up left center and exits. Shyly and slowly coming toward* MARY) Did you want me, dear?

MARY. (*putting her arm around* AGNES' *shoulder and bringing her forward toward* IRWIN) Yes, Agnes, this is Mr. Irwin, who has come to see us in behalf of General Hastings.

AGNES. (*shrinkingly and burying her face in* MARY'S *shoulder*) Oh, I'm frightened.

MARY. (*petting her*) Nonsense, dear, there's nothing to be frightened about—(MARY *takes* AGNES *by the shoulders and looking her in the eye with an occasional side glance at* IRWIN) Of course, you know, my dear, that under no circumstances must you say anything that isn't true, and if General Hastings did not promise to marry you, you have no case. (*pause, as* MARY *backs* AGNES *up and sits in chair*

left of table at left center and AGNES *kneels* MARY'S *left, and a little below her facing* IRWIN. Now, tell me, did the General promise to marry you?

AGNES. Oh yes, Oh yes, and I wish he would; he's such a delightful old gentleman.

IRWIN. Was that promise made in writing?

AGNES. No——(*pause, as* IRWIN *turns away with a smile*) But all his letters were in writing. (*pause as* IRWIN *turns back to look sharply at* AGNES *and the smile leaves his face*) Oh, such wonderful letters—so tender and—er—interesting. (AGNES *buries her face in* MARY'S *lap*)

IRWIN. Yes. I dare say, I dare say.

MARY. (*as* AGNES *raises her head and looks at* MARY) But you are quite sure the General did promise to marry you?

AGNES. Oh, yes, I'd swear to that.

MARY. (*to* IRWIN) You see, sir? She'd swear to that.

IRWIN. (*pause, as he thinks*) Well, we're beaten. (*a quick look between* MARY *and* AGNES. *As* IRWIN *crosses to right of table at left center and* MARY *watches him warily*) I'm going to be quite frank with you, Miss Turner, quite frank. (IRWIN *during the following speech takes a wallet from his inside pocket, extracts a package of money, returns wallet to his pocket*) We can't afford any scandal, so we're going to settle at your own terms. (IRWIN *rifles the package of yellow-backs and* AGNES *leans forward eagerly.* MARY *watches* IRWIN) We can't fight where ladies are involved, so if you just hand over General Hastings' letters, why here's your ten thousand dollars. (*drops package of money on table and turns away taking stage center. As his back turns* AGNES *makes a grab for the money and* MARY *quickly grabs her wrist and pushes her back to her*

former position as IRWIN *turns to them again*) You have the letters, haven't you?

AGNES. (*putting her hand over her heart*) They never leave me.

IRWIN. (*crossing toward* AGNES *as far as the table at left center and with hand outstretched*) They can now. (AGNES *about to reach into her dress and take them out when* MARY *lays a restraining hand on* AGNES' *hand and rises at the same time facing* IRWIN. AGNES *rises and stands back of* MARY)

MARY. Not quite yet, I'm afraid.

IRWIN. (*as he turns and takes stage center*) But there's your money, waiting for you.

MARY. (*as she crosses part way over to* IRWIN, *and in a doubtful tone*) I think you'd better see our lawyer, Mr. Harris, first.

IRWIN. Oh, there's no need of all that formality. Just a friendly little arrangement between ourselves.

MARY. (*all doubt gone—with a smile, as she crosses up to* IRWIN *and* AGNES *moves to the center of the table at left center*) Now I'm quite certain you'd better see Mr. Harris first.

IRWIN. (*seeing he has been tricked*) Oh, I see.

MARY. (*with meaning*) Yes, I thought you would. If you'll take your money to Mr. Harris, Miss Lynch (MARY *turns to* AGNES, *then back to* IRWIN) will meet you in his office at four o'clock, and when her suit for breach of promise is legally settled out of court, you will get those letters, Mr. Irwin. Good afternoon. (IRWIN *bows gravely and starts to door at up left center.* MARY *crosses to chair at left of trick table. Just as* IRWIN *is about to go out the door,* MARY *speaks*) Oh—(IRWIN *stops*)—you forgot your marked money.

(MARY *sits in chair.* IRWIN *crosses down below chair right of table at left center, picks up money, then crosses quickly up to door, up left center, then turns to* MARY)

IRWIN. (*sharply*) Young woman, you should have been a lawyer!

(IRWIN *exits and* MARY *laughs*)

MARY. (*laughingly*) Thank you.

AGNES. (*crossing quickly to* MARY) Say, you darned near broke my heart lettin' all that money get out of the house. How'd you know it was marked?

MARY. I didn't, but it was a pretty good guess, wasn't it? Couldn't you see that all he wanted was to have us take the money, get the letters, and then we'd have been arrested for blackmail.

AGNES. Where do we get off now?

MARY. Now he'll go to our lawyer—hand him over the same marked bills, get the letters he wants so much, and because it's a transaction between two lawyers with everything done according to legal ethics—

AGNES. What are legal ethics?

MARY. Get it legally and get twice as much.

AGNES. But it's the same game.

MARY. Agnes, a shameless old roué makes love to you and writes you silly letters—

AGNES. He might have ruined my life—!

MARY. If you'd asked him for ten thousand dollars for the return of his letters, it would have been blackmail and we'd have gone to jail; but a lawyer threatens a suit for breach of promise for ten thousand dollars—his lawyer steps in; they have conferences, they run up bills of expenses and in the end

we get our ten thousand, he gets his letters and we're safely within the law and there you are. (MARY *rises and crosses down right to armchair*)

AGNES. All too much for me. (*goes up to chair in front of desk at right*)

GARSON. (*enters up left center and as he crosses down center. To* MARY) Is it all right?

MARY. Certainly.

GARSON. (*at center*) Did you get ten thousand?

(HELEN *enters at door left, takes a quick look and as no one is looking her way, starts quickly for door up left center*)

MARY. (*turning to* GARSON) Yes.

GARSON. Fine! (*starts to cross* L. *and just gets as far as front of table at left center as* MARY *discovers* HELEN. HELEN *is about to put her hand on the knob of door at up left center. As* MARY *speaks* GARSON *stops and watches* HELEN *with his back down stage and* AGNES *who is about to sit at desk right, stops and watches*)

MARY. (*quickly, crossing up to* HELEN) Why, you ought to rest. (HELEN *stops*)

HELEN. (*without looking up*) I'm all right.

MARY. Quite sure?

HELEN. Yes.

MARY. (*putting her arm around* HELEN'S *shoulder and bringing her to chair left of trick table.* GARSON *crosses around to chair left of table at left center and* AGNES *brings the desk chair down to the right of trick table and slightly above it*) Then come over and sit down and tell us all about it. (HELEN *sits left of trick table.* GARSON *sits left of table at left center, watching the whole scene and never taking his eyes off* MARY. AGNES *sits in chair she has brought down to right of trick table.* MARY

crosses over and takes chair from right of table at left center, brings chair back to center and sets it a little above HELEN *and half facing her, and stands back of it. As* MARY *gets the chair she gives* GARSON *a look*) Now then, what's your name?

HELEN. (*facing down stage and half huddled in chair*) Helen—Helen Morris.

MARY. There's no need my asking if you've been in prison. Your face shows that.

HELEN. I came out three months ago.

MARY. And you've made up your mind to go straight?

HELEN. Yes.

MARY. You are going to do what the chaplain told you—start all over again—begin a new life? (HELEN *nods "Yes"*) It doesn't work very well, does it? (*comes around chair and sits so that she is half facing* HELEN)

HELEN. No, I'm beaten.

MARY. (*first giving* GARSON *a look*) Well, how would you like to work with us?

HELEN. (*as she turns toward* MARY *in surprise*) You are—

MARY. Certainly, it pays to when you know how. Look at us.

AGNES. (HELEN *turns and looks at* AGNES *on her first word*) Hats from Joseph's, gowns from Lucille's, and cracked ice from Tiffany's. (HELEN *continues to look at* AGNES *until* MARY'S *first word, then she looks straight front and shows during* MARY'S *following speech that it is not to her liking*)

MARY. (*watching* HELEN *closely*) Suppose I stake you for the present and put you in with the right people? All you'll have to do is answer ads for servant girls—I'll see that you have the best of

references, and then when you get in with the right people, you'll open the front door some night, and let in the gang. Of course you'll make your getaway when they do and get your bit as well. (HELEN *half turns to* MARY *as if about to speak then turns away.* MARY *gives* GARSON *a smile*) Doesn't suit you—(HELEN *nods her head—no.* MARY *rises and crosses to* HELEN) Good! I hoped you wouldn't. Now here's my real plan. (HELEN *is all attention and at first suspicious, gradually shows that* MARY'S *following speech is to her liking.* MARY *steps a little back from* HELEN) Suppose you go West—where you'd have a fair chance—with money enough to live like a human being until you get a start. (HELEN *looks up at* MARY) I'll give you that chance if you really want it.

HELEN. (*rising and turning to* MARY) Oh, I do—I do.

MARY. (*taking* HELEN'S *hands*) Then I've just one thing to say to you first. If you're going to start fresh, go through with it. Do you know what that means?

HELEN. (*turing away from* MARY *and looking out front*) You mean, keep straight?

MARY. I mean forget that you've ever been in prison. I don't know what you've done, but whatever it was you've paid for it—a pretty big price, too.

HELEN. I have, I have!

MARY. Well, then, stand up for your rights; don't let them make you pay again and don't tell the first people who are kind to you that you've been crooked. If they think you're straight—be it; will you promise me that?

HELEN. (*very seriously and turning to* MARY) Yes, I promise.

MARY. Good. Then wait a minute. (MARY *takes her chair, returns it to its place at right of table left center, crosses behind table around to other side. To* GARSON) Excuse me, Joe. (GARSON *draws his chair back and* MARY *opens drawer, takes out purse from which she takes a roll of money, returns purse to drawer and closes it; and as she speaks, crosses stage to* HELEN *counting money and reaching* HELEN *on her last word.* HELEN *has been watching* MARY.) Take this—it will pay your fare West and keep you quite a while if you're careful.

HELEN. (*about to take it, looks up at* MARY *and shrinks away a step and turns front*) I can't take it—I can't.

MARY. Why, didn't you come here for help?

HELEN. Yes, but I didn't know it was you.

(HELEN *realizes she has made a mistake in admitting she knows* MARY.)

MARY. Oh, then you've met me before?

HELEN. No.

AGNES. (*rising quickly and stepping down on a level with* HELEN *at the side of trick table*)

GARSON. (*as he rises and crosses to center*) Yes.

HELEN. No.

MARY. (*after a quick look at* GARSON) You've met me before. Where?

HELEN. I can't tell you.

MARY. You must.

HELEN. I can't.

MARY. Why not?

HELEN. Because—because—

MARY. Well?

HELEN. Oh, I can't.

MARY. (*pause*) What were you sent up for? (*pause*) Tell me. (*pause and harder*) Tell me.

HELEN. (HELEN *turns her eyes to* MARY, *then front again, then answers slowly*) For stealing.

MARY. Stealing, what?

HELEN. (*another look, then front before answering*) Goods!

MARY. Where from?

HELEN. (*another glance from* HELEN, *then as she turns front, she swallows, her lips tremble and finally she answers*) The Emporium.

MARY. (*now convinced of what she suspects*) Then you are the girl who—!

HELEN. (*turning to* MARY) I'm not, I'm not!

MARY. You are, you are! (*turning to* GARSON) She did it. (GARSON *starts quickly forward to* HELEN. MARY *just stops him before he crosses her*) Joe! (GARSON *stops and steps back with his face up stage. At* GARSON'S *first move* HELEN *shrinks into chair left of trick table and buries her head in her hands on the trick table. To* HELEN) Why did you throw the blame on me?

HELEN. (*taking her hands from her face and facing front*) I found out they were watching me and I was afraid they'd catch me, so I took 'em and ran into the cloak room and put 'em in a locker that wasn't close to mine and some in the pocket of a coat that was hangin' there. (*turning to* MARY *pleadingly*) I didn't know whose it was, I just put them there—(*turning front*)—I was frightened.

MARY. And you let me go to prison for three years!

HELEN. (*turning to* MARY) I was scared—(*turning front*) I didn't dare tell.

MARY. But they caught you later. Why didn't you tell then?

HELEN. I was afraid. I told 'em it was the first I took and they let me off with a year. (*on the last word she cries and buries her face in her hands*)

MARY. (*turning up stage*) You cried and lied and they let you off with a year! I wouldn't cry and told the truth and—(MARY *starts to break down*)

GARSON. Mary, don't!

HELEN. (*turning half to* MARY) I'll never forgive myself—never.

MARY. Oh yes, you will. (HELEN *again buries her face in her hands.* MARY *turns and looks at* HELEN, *having controlled herself*) People forgive themselves pretty easily. (HELEN *cries aloud*) Oh stop crying, no one's going to hurt you. (HELEN *continues to cry softly with her hands up to her face.* MARY *offers the money*) Here take it and get out.

HELEN. I can't take it.

MARY. (*forcing it into her hand; and crossing to armchair down right with her back to center*) Take it before I change my mind, and get out.

(HELEN *rises with her hands over her face, crosses left until she almost runs into* GARSON *at center then looks and sees an awful look on his face and quickly slinks up to door up left with her hands over her face and sobbing softly, exits. At* HELEN'S *exit* AGNES *turns to look at* MARY)

MARY. (*kneeling in arm chair at the closing of the door and crying*) A girl I didn't know—to smash my life like that—if it wasn't so awful, it would be funny—it is funny. (*slipping down into chair with her head on the down stage arm, and, hysterically*) It is funny.

(AGNES *and* GARSON *both cross quickly to* MARY, AGNES *above* MARY *and puts her hands on her shoulders.* GARSON *goes over to* MARY *as he speaks*)

GARSON. Mary, don't do that. That's no good. (*pause as* MARY *regains her self-control and* GARSON *crosses to front of trick table quietly and faces up stage*)

MARY. (*through her tears and sobs*) You're right. It's done and it can't be undone; but the sight of that girl——you understand.

GARSON. (*crossing as far as chair left of trick table with his face still up stage*) Sure we do.

AGNES. (*bending over* MARY, *with her right cheek close to* MARY'S *left, quietly*) Yes, but if a dame sent me up for three years and then wanted money from me, do you think she'd get it? Not much.

(MARY *pats* AGNES' *cheek then slowly rises and crosses to chair left of table at left center and sits facing down stage.* AGNES *sits on chair down right vacated by* MARY. *As* MARY *passes* GARSON, *he turns and follows her across stage to the upper end of the table at* L. C.)

GARSON. (*as* MARY *passes him*) Mary, I've got something to tell you. Cassidy was up here from headquarters. He didn't put a name to it—but I'm on. I guess you'll have to quit seeing young Gilder. The bulls are wise. (*as* GARSON *crosses down center*) His father's made a holler.

MARY. (*pause, then quietly*) Don't let that trouble you. I was married to Dick less than an hour ago.

GARSON. (*turning to* MARY.) Married?

MARY. Yes.

AGNES. Well I'm glad you landed him.

GARSON. (*to* AGNES) Wait a minute. (*then crossing to right of table at left center*) Do you love him?

MARY. No.

GARSON. (*persistently*) Do you love him?

MARY. (*pause*) No, NO!

AGNES. Then why did you marry him?

MARY. I married him to get even with his father. I've been working and scheming for nearly a year to do this and now it's done. It's only beginning, too.

GARSON. (*crosses up back of chair at right of table at left center*) Then everything's goin' on as before—you won't leave us?

MARY. Leave? Certainly not!

AGNES. You'll live here in this house with me?

MARY. Yes!

AGNES. Well, where will hubby live?

MARY. Anywhere but here.

GARSON. Does he understand the arrangement?

MARY. No, not yet.

AGNES. Well, when you tell him—break it to him gently.

GARSON. (*coming down center. To* AGNES) Pretty tough on him. He's a fine young fellow. (*goes up back of chair right of table at left center*) He must think a lot of you! Don't he?

MARY. Yes, I suppose so.

AGNES. Only enough to marry her. (*pause*) And when a man thinks enough of you to marry you—believe me, that's some thinkin'.

GARSON. (*crossing up back of table at left center*) Well, I'd say chuck up the whole game and go to him if you cared—and you don't, do you?

MARY. I married him to get even with his father. That's all there is to it. I expect he'll be here in a minute or two and when he comes—(*door bell rings and* GARSON *crosses to door up right center and with his left hand on the knob*)

MARY. (*rising*) If that's he, Agnes, don't forget all I've tried to teach you.

AGNES. (*rising and crossing up center*) Don't worry about me. Whenever it's really wanted I'm always there with a full line of lady stuff.

FANNIE. (*enters at up left center door and closes it after her*) Mr. Gilder, Miss.

MARY. (*eagerly*) Anyone with him?

FANNIE. No, Miss.

MARY. (*showing disappointment*) Have Mr. Gilder come in. (FANNIE *exits left center and closes door after her*)

GARSON. I guess you can excuse me. I'll see you when I'm wanted. (*exits at up right door*)

MARY. (*as she starts across stage right, stops and turns to meet* DICK *in front of chair left of trick table.* AGNES *starts crossing left at the same time and does not stop until she is standing in front of chair left of table at left center*) Don't forget, Agnes.

AGNES. (*as she is crossing*) I'm there—I'm there.

DICK. (*Dick enters at up left door and dropping his hat on the head of couch rushes down to* MARY. MARY *receives him with one hand extended which he takes and attempts to draw to him and kiss her*) Hello, dear.

MARY. (*holding him off*) Don't, don't—please, Agnes. (DICK *releases* MARY *and turns to* AGNES. MARY *goes across right below armchair down right and to the back of it*)

DICK. I beg your pardon, Miss Lynch. But you could hardly expect me to see anyone but Mary under the circumstances, could you?

AGNES. (*in her society manner*) Under what circumstances, Mr. Gilder?

DICK. Why, hasn't Mary told you? We were married this morning.

AGNES. Goodness gracious! How perfectly lovely! (*sits in chair left of table at left center*)

DICK. You bet, it's lovely. (*crosses to* MARY *and kneels in chair down right with his arm around* MARY'S *shoulder*) Now listen, dear, I've got the honeymoon trip all arranged. The Mauretania sails at five in the morning, so we'll—

MARY. (*interrupting*) Where's your father?

DICK. Oh Lord, I'd forgotten all about Dad. I'm awfully sorry—I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll send him a wireless and write him from Paris.

MARY. What was your promise? I told you I wouldn't go away with you until you brought your father to me and he'd wished us happiness.

DICK. You're going to be stubborn and hold me to my promise?

MARY. (*with meaning*) I'm going to hold you to that promise.

DICK. (*off chair and taking a step back toward center and looking at his watch*) All right, Mrs. Gilder—(*with a laugh*) Sounds fine, doesn't it?

MARY. (*with meaning*) Yes.

DICK. (*returning to his former position at chair*) You pack up what things you need—not much, because they sell clothes in Paris—and I'll run over to Dad's office and have him back here in half an hour. You'll be all ready, won't you?

MARY. Yes—I'll be ready. Go and bring your father.

DICK. (*as he tightens his arms about* MARY *and attempts to draw her to him*) You bet I will. (MARY *holding away from him*) What's the matter?

MARY. Nothing.

DICK. But, Mary, just one.

MARY. No—NO. Please.

DICK. (*releasing her*) For a married woman you are certainly shy. (*then off chair quickly, speaking to* AGNES *as he goes up center and gets his hat*) You'll excuse me, won't you, Miss Lynch? (*turning to* MARY *with his hand on door knob*) Good bye, Mrs. Gilder—Mrs. Gilder, doesn't that sound immense? (*exits at left center door, closing it after him. As the door closes* MARY *leans against the back of the chair down right and then crosses up and picks up small mirror from top of desk at right and arranges her hair*)

AGNES. Oh gee, the poor simp.

(GARSON *enters at up right door, closes it after him and looks around room quickly, then, as he crosses down to chair left of trick table*)

GARSON. Where's he gone?

MARY. To bring his father.

AGNES. I suppose I'll miss that—I've got to be at that lawyer's at four. (*a look of amusement passes between* GARSON *and* MARY)

MARY. (*as she starts across stage left and below trick table toward* AGNES) Yes, and you'd better be getting ready, too.

AGNES. (*rising*) I know it. (*crossing up to door at left*) That's what I'm kicking about.

MARY. (*as she sits in chair left of table at left center and* GARSON *sits in chair left of trick table,*

picks up newspaper and starts reading it) Have you that release for me to look over?

AGNES. (*as she turns in doorway at left*) Yes, but I don't see the use of it, all I want is the coin. (AGNES *exits through door left*)

GARSON. It's a good thing for her she met you.

MARY. (*as she takes a memo book from drawer and makes memos in it*) Why?

GARSON. She hasn't got the brains of a knot.

MARY. Brains are useful, even in our business.

GARSON. I should say they were. You've proved that.

(AGNES *re-enters from door left with her hat on and gloves and purse and legal paper in her hand. She crosses back of* MARY'S *chair and stands at the back of the table at left center*)

AGNES. Here it is. (*hands* MARY *legal paper*)

MARY. (*opens legal paper and reads it a moment*) Tell Harris it's splendid. (*hands legal paper to* AGNES) Just what we wanted.

AGNES. Seems to me we're goin' through a lot of red tape?

MARY. Agnes—the last time you tried to separate an old gentleman from part of his money you got two years.

AGNES. But that way was so exciting.

MARY. And this way is so safe. Your way didn't get the money. Mine will—your way was blackmail, mine isn't. Understand?

AGNES. Sure. (*turns and as she goes toward door up left center*) It's as clear as Pittsburgh, (AGNES *exits at up left center door.* GARSON *and* MARY *both laugh*)

GARSON. Solid ivory. (*door-bell rings*)

MARY. (*making notes in note-book*) She's a dear, anyway. You don't half appreciate her, Joe.

GARSON Why sure she is. Did you pipe that lid?

(FANNIE *enters up left center door and closes it after her*)

FANNIE. (*smiling*) Mr. Griggs, Miss.

MARY. Well, have Mr. Griggs come in. (FANNIE *exits up left center door closing it after her*)

GARSON. English Eddie?

MARY. (*laying note book on the table in front of her*) I wonder what he wants.

GARSON. Probably got a trick for me. We used to work together.

MARY. Joe, nothing without my consent!

GARSON. Oh, no, sure not.

(FANNIE *goes up left center door and* GRIGGS *enters coming just over the door sill.* FANNIE *is smiling broadly and closes door after him*)

GRIGGS. (*to* MARY) How do you do? (*as he crosses to center*) Hello Joe.

GARSON. (*drops newspaper to the floor between chair and trick table, rises smiling*) Hello, English.

(GARSON *moves a few steps up stage*)

MARY. (*looking at* GRIGGS' *swagger clothes, he standing center for her to admire him.* MARY *is laughing*) Really, you overcome me.

GRIGGS. Well, I think it rather neat myself.

MARY. Even for you.

GRIGGS. Yes. (*turning and laying his silk hat on couch and returning to his former position*) Even for me.

MARY. Is this a social call?

GRIGGS. Well, no, not exactly.

MARY. That's what I thought. Sit down, please.

GRIGGS. Thanks.

(GRIGGS *takes the chair from right of table at left center and turns it with his left hand so that it is just opposite* MARY *and points slightly down stage and a little away from table and with the chair back to* MARY. *He then straddles the chair with his left arm across the back*)

MARY. (*after* GRIGGS *is settled*) What's the game?

GRIGGS. The greatest game in the world. (*half turns his head toward* GARSON) Get in on this, Joe.

(GARSON *crosses to the back of the table at left center as* GRIGGS *continues*)

GRIGGS. Two years ago a set of Gothic tapestry worth three hundred thousand dollars and some Fragonard panels, worth nearly as much, were plucked from a chateau in France and smuggled into this country.

MARY. I've never heard of that.

GRIGGS. Why, no, certainly not—it's been kept on the dead quiet.

GARSON. (*to* MARY) Are them things worth that much?

MARY. Sometimes more. The Metropolitan has a set of Gothic tapestries worth half a million.

GARSON. Half a million for a set of rugs to hang on its wall, (*starting toward chair at down left*) and they wonder at crime! (*sits in chair down left, facing* GRIGGS)

GRIGGS. Now about a month ago the things I was telling you about were hung in the library of a

millionaire in this city. (*to* GARSON) Let's go after them. They were smuggled, mind you, and he can't squeal no matter what happens. (*pause*) Well what do you say?

GARSON. It's up to Mary.

GRIGGS. (*to* MARY) Well?

MARY. It's out of our line.

GRIGGS. Well I don't know any easier way to get half a million.

MARY. (*rising*) It wouldn't make any difference if it were fifty million. It's against the law.

GRIGGS. I know, but if we can——

MARY. My friends and I never do anything that's illegal! (*with a smile*) Thanks for coming to us, Mr. Griggs, but we can't go in. (*picks up note-book and starts down left.* GRIGGS *rises and turns chair around so that he is standing at the back of chair without changing his position*)

GRIGGS. Now wait a minute, this chap Gilder is— (*as* MARY *turns to* GRIGGS *and* GARSON *rises from his chair*)

MARY *and* GARSON. Gilder?

GRIGGS. Yes, you know, that linen-draper chap.

GARSON. There's a chance for you, Mary.

MARY. (*facing* GARSON) No, I won't be mixed up in anything that's outside the law.

(GRIGGS *during the following couple of speeches steps back up stage watching* MARY *and* GARSON *and drawing the chair he was standing behind with him*)

GARSON. But it's Gilder, the man you—

MARY. I know, but it's illegal and I won't touch it, and that's all there is to it. (GARSON *with a growl starts up stage and just as he is alongside of* MARY

she puts her right hand on his arm as she speaks) Joe!

GARSON. (*pauses*) Yes.

(GARSON *goes up to back window with his back down stage.* MARY *turns and looks at* GRIGGS *a moment, then drops the notebook on the table and crossing to the door left, exits closing the door after her. At the close of the door,* GARSON *starts down stage slowly and does not stop until he is in front of table at left center*)

GRIGGS. (*who is watching* GARSON *closely, speaks on* GARSON'S *first move. Insinuatingly*) Half a million!

GARSON. (*while walking, half to himself*) Half a million.

GRIGGS. (*temptingly*) There's a stake worth playing for. (GRIGGS *down to* GARSON'S *right a little above him during the following line*) Think of it, Joe, a half a million!

GARSON. (*half to himself, and walking front*) Half a million.

GRIGGS. And it's the softest money you ever saw. (*as he takes paper from his pocket and unfolds it*) Here's a plan of the house. (GRIGGS *looks at* GARSON. GARSON *slowly turns and looks at* GRIGGS. *As* GARSON *looks at* GRIGGS *he slowly offers the paper to* GARSON. GARSON *slowly takes it then as he turns front to look at it* GRIGGS *backs a step or two up stage, watching* GARSON)

GARSON. (*slowly*) It looks easy.

GRIGGS. (*eagerly*) It is easy. What do you say?

GARSON. (*as he crosses in front of* GRIGGS *to right center and handing* GRIGGS *the paper*) No, I promised Mary——

GRIGGS. (*following* GARSON *to center, a little above him, and returning the paper to his pocket. Persuasively*) But a chance like this—a chance with one play to get all you'll ever want.

GARSON. (*with his back to* GRIGGS) It sounds good.

GRIGGS. Why this is so big that if it comes off we can quit. (*pause*) All of us.

GARSON. (*turning to* GRIGGS) By God, that's right. We can quit. (*pause. With a quick glance at door left and turning his back to* GRIGGS) All of us.

GRIGGS. What do you say?

GARSON. (*crossing left to front of table at left center. pause*) How'll we split it?

GRIGGS. (*with relief in his tone*) I think three ways would be right, one to me, one to you, and one to the bunch we'll have to take in. (*pause*)

GARSON. (*as he offers his hand*) You're on.

GRIGGS. (*as he takes* GARSON'S *hand*) Fine, now I'll get——

GARSON. (*as he drops* GRIGGS' *hand*) You'll get nothing. I'll get my own men. Chicago Red's in town. So is Dacey. They'll do.

GRIGGS. Yes.

GARSON. I'll get them to meet you at—Scanlan's at—two tomorrow afternoon, and if it looks right, we'll turn the trick tomorrow night.

(GRIGGS *with a snap of his fingers and a half turn away to the right as* GARSON *stops him*)

GARSON. Eh! (GRIGGS *turns back to him*) She mustn't know.

GRIGGS. She'll never know—Joe, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, I'll never tell—

(MARY *enters at door left and comes to the front of*

left center table. At the sound of the door opening, GARSON *stands at center and* GRIGGS *takes stage right. In a changed tone*) I tell you after all it's the only way to do.

MARY. (*at front of left center table*) What is?

GRIGGS. (*turning and pretending he didn't know* MARY *was there*) I was just saying that when there's a leader, the only way is to follow the leader.

(*A look passes between* GARSON *and* GRIGGS *as* GARSON *answers and goes up stage to the foot of couch, watching* GRIGGS)

GARSON. Yes. Sure.

GRIGGS. And since you're against it, why that's all there is to it.

MARY. (*as she picks magazine up from table*) Well, I am against it.

GRIGGS. I'm sorry, but we must all play the game as we see it. Well, that was the business I was after, and, as it's finished—(*starting up stage for his hat*) so good afternoon.

MARY. Won't you stay and have tea?

GRIGGS. (*at the head of couch*) No thanks.

MARY. Then good afternoon.

GRIGGS. (*in doorway at up left center*) So long, Joe. (*A look between* GARSON *and* GRIGGS. GRIGGS *nods to* MARY, *and as he puts on his hat slowly exits at up left door closing it after him*)

(*Pause as* MARY *and* GARSON *catch each other's eye and* GARSON *crosses, and, picking up chair that* GRIGGS *has left up stage replaces it left of left center table, then speaks*)

GARSON. That's a big stake he's playing for, ain't it?

MARY. Yes, and a big chance he's taking, too. (*as she starts to cross right to the front of the trick table and looking through the magazine*) No, Joe, we'll play the game that's safe and sure.

GARSON. (*coming down center*) It's sure enough, but is it safe?

MARY. (*looking at* GARSON) What do you mean?

GARSON. (*crossing to* MARY) Suppose the bulls got tired of you putting it over on 'em and tried some rough work?

MARY. (*with a laugh, returning to her magazine*) Don't worry. I know a way to stop it.

GARSON. (*as he takes revolver from his pocket*) Yes, and so do I.

MARY. (*in alarm and taking hold of* GARSON'S *right arm*) No, Joe, no, none of that—ever.

GARSON. Even if I used it, they'd never get on to me.

MARY. (*as she removes her hand from his arm*) What do you mean?

GARSON. (*with revolver in his right hand hanging straight down by his side, and with his left hand taking "Silencer" from his left coat pocket*) See this? (*hands* MARY *silencer which she looks at and turns over*)

MARY. I've never seen anything like that before.

GARSON. (*as he takes the silencer and adjusts it to the revolver*) No I'll bet you didn't. I'm the first man in the business to get one and I'll bet on it. I'm a scientific guy. That's what they call a "Maxim Silencer." With smokeless powder and the silencer I can fire a shot from my coat pocket and you'd never know it had been done. (*drops his gun hand down straight by his side*)

MARY. (*with a laugh*) Impossible.

GARSON. No it ain't; here, I'll show you. (*turns toward bay window and is about to raise his arm to fire as* MARY *grabs his arm*)

MARY. Joe, you'd have the whole place down on us.

GARSON. (*turning to* MARY *with a laugh and transferring revolver to left hand*) No I won't. You stand over there. (*indicating down left*)

MARY. NO! NO!

GARSON. Go ahead, it's all right. (MARY *crosses left around table at left center with* GARSON *following as far as the front of the table at left center, and talking. As* MARY *is half way over she turns around and gives the gun a final scared look. As* GARSON *follows he again takes revolver in his right hand*) If you can tell when I fire I'll eat the gun.

MARY. (*as she goes up toward bay window up left*) Nonsense.

GARSON. No it ain't nonsense. (*turning toward vase on trick table and taking aim at vase of flowers*) You turn your back and you won't hear. (*snaps revolver. Vase of flowers breaks.* MARY *drops magazine looks at* GARSON *and crosses to vase of flowers. As* MARY *crosses,* GARSON *follows to center and up to* MARY)

MARY. (*after a pause*) I wouldn't have believed it.

GARSON. (*as he removes silencer*) Neat little thing, ain't it?

MARY. (*crossing around right of trick table and down stage*) Where did you get it?

GARSON. (*replacing revolver in his pocket and crossing down left center*) Oh I got it—over in Boston last week. (*door bell. At the sound of the door bell* GARSON *turns and faces the door*)

MARY. That can't be Agnes back already.

FANNIE. (*off stage left center*) I'll see if Miss Turner's at home.

BURKE. (*off stage left center*) That's all right. We'll see for ourselves.

GARSON. (*turning to* MARY) That's Burke.

MARY. (*standing in front of chair down right*) Don't worry: he can't touch us. (BURKE *opens up left center door and just hesitates on door sill as* MARY *sits in chair down right*) An Inspector!

BURKE. (*as he quickly crosses down toward* MARY *as far as chair to the left of trick table without removing his hat.* DEMAREST *follows* BURKE *in closing the door after him, removes his hat and quietly comes down to the back of the chair right of left center table*) Oh! here you are.

MARY. Yes, Inspector. To what do I owe the pleasure?

BURKE. I've come for a few quiet words with you.

MARY. Then you don't want Joe?

BURKE. (*pause as he turns and looks at* GARSON) Not yet.

GARSON. (*as he quietly advances a step or two and with a sneer*) I'm much obliged.

MARY. Will you excuse us, Joe?

GARSON. (*as he crosses to* BURKE *with menace both in his action and words,* BURKE *looking him in the eye and just a slight movement of straightening up*) But suppose they —?

MARY. Please!

GARSON. (*quietly*) All right. (*crossing to door up left center then as he turns in doorway*) But if you want me, just call. (GARSON *exits up left center door.* BURKE *has just turned his head and watches* GARSON *out. At the closing of the door*

BURKE *crosses left below table at left center, then up stage as far as the doorway left, and during the following scene back down stage again as far as the front of the table at left center. At the closing of the door by* GARSON, DEMAREST *crosses over to* MARY *as far as the front of the chair left of trick table*)

MARY. (*As* DEMAREST *comes toward her*) Ah, Mr. Demarest, it's four years since I saw you last and they've made you District Attorney since then. Allow me to congratulate you.

DEMAREST. (*a little puzzled*) There is a—where have I seen you?

MARY. (*rising*) Can't you guess? (*crossing to* DEMAREST *and looking into his face*) Try.

DEMAREST. (*pause*) Why you're the girl—why you're the Mary Turner that—Oh, I know you now.

MARY. I'm the girl you mean, Mr. Demarest, but you don't know me at all. (*turns away from* DEMAREST *with her back to trick table*)

BURKE. (*interrupting. During* BURKE'S *speech* DEMAREST *quietly turns away and crosses up center*) Young woman, the Twentieth Century leaves the Grand Central at four o'clock. It arrives in Chicago at eight fifty-five tomorrow morning. (*looks at his watch*) You'll just have time to catch that train.

MARY. Working for the New York Central now?

BURKE. (*sternly*) I'm working for the good of New York City.

MARY. (*with a laugh*) Since when?

DEMAREST. (*quietly*) I think a different tone will serve you better.

BURKE. Oh let her talk—she's only got a few minutes anyway.

MARY. (*as she indicates a chair right of table at*

left center and sits in chair left of trick table) Let's be comfortable then.

BURKE. You'd better be packing your trunk.

MARY. Why? I'm not going away!

BURKE. (*as he crosses to* MARY) On the Twentieth Century this afternoon.

MARY. (*with a smile*) Oh! dear no! (DEMAREST *quietly drops down to the position* BURKE *has just left*)

BURKE. (*a little louder than usual*) I say, yes.

MARY. I thought you wanted quiet words.

BURKE. (*in his natural tone*) Now, look here, Mollie—

MARY. (*sharply*) Miss Turner, if you please—(*with a laugh*)—for the present anyway.

BURKE. (*sternly*) I'm givin' you your orders. You'll go to Chicago, or you'll go up the river.

MARY. If you can convict me—notice that little word, if.

DEMAREST. (*suavely*) I did it once, remember.

MARY. But you can't do it again.

BURKE. How do you know he can't?

MARY. Because if he could, you'd have had me in prison some time ago.

BURKE. (*with a look at* DEMAREST *and a cynical smile*) I've seen 'em go up pretty easy.

MARY. (*seriously*) The poor ones, yes—but not those who have money, and I have money now.

BURKE. Money you stole.

MARY. (*in mock seriousness*) Oh, dear, no—

BURKE. What about that thirty thousand you got in that partnership swindle? (*sarcastically*) I suppose you didn't steal that?

MARY. (*with a laugh*) Certainly not! (*seriously*) A man advertised for a partner in a business sure to bring large and safe returns. I answered

the advertisement. What the business man proposed was to buy a tract of land and sub-divide it. The deeds to the land were all forged and the supposed seller was his confederate with whom he was to divide my money. We formed a partnership with a capital of sixty thousand dollars—he put the money in the bank and I promptly drew it out. He wanted to get my money illegally, instead of which I managed to get his legally, for it was legal. (*turning to* MR. DEMAREST) Wasn't it, Mr. Demarest?

DEMAREST. Yes, unfortunately! A partner has the right to draw out any or all of the partnership funds.

MARY. And I was his partner. So you see you wrong me, Inspector. I'm not a swindler. (*with a laugh*) I'm a financier.

BURKE. (*sarcastically*) Yes. Well you'll never pull another one on me, you can gamble on that.

MARY. Won't I? Miss Lynch, at the present moment, is painlessly extracting ten thousand dollars from General Hastings, in a perfectly legal manner, Inspector Burke.

BURKE. (*with a sneer*) Oh, she is, eh? (*sternly*) Well you may stay within the law but you've got to get outside the city. (*coaxingly*) On the level now, did you think you could get away with that young Gilder scheme you're planning?

MARY. (*innocently*) What young Gilder scheme?

BURKE. That's all right—I'm wise—I'm wise.

MARY. (*with a laugh*) Yes you are.

BURKE. (*sternly*) Once for all, you leave town this afternoon or you'll be in the Tombs in the morning.

MARY. (*as she rises and crosses to center,* DEMAREST *steps back out of the way*) It can't be done, Inspector. (*turns and looks back over her shoulder*

at BURKE) It can't be done. (*then crosses to drawer in left side of table at left center and opens the drawer*)

BURKE. (*following* MARY *as far as the lower left corner. As soon as* BURKE *is in position* DEMAREST *drops quietly down to* BURKE'S *right*) Who says it can't?

MARY. (*as she is getting paper from drawer*) This.

BURKE. And what's—this?

MARY. (*handing* BURKE *legal papers and coming down to the lower end of table. While he proceeds to open the paper and glances at it*) A temporary restraining order from the Supreme Court instructing you to let me alone until you have legal proof that I have broken the law.

BURKE. Another new one. (*folding up paper*) But you can't do it.

MARY. (*seriously and earnestly*) Oh can't I? A gambling house can get one and go on breaking the law, a race track can get one and laugh at the law, a railroad can restrain their employees from striking. Why shouldn't I get one too? I have money, I can buy all the LAW I want; and there's nothing you can't do with the law if you have money. (*with a laugh*) Ask Mr. Demarest, he knows. (MARY *crosses up to the side of the chair left of table at left center with her face up stage*)

BURKE. (*looking at* DEMAREST) Can you tie that? (*hands* DEMAREST *legal paper which* DEMAREST *opens and looks at and then folds up. Then as* BURKE *crosses up to back of chair right of table at left center*) A crook appealing to the law.

MARY. And getting justice—that's the remarkable part of it! (*turning so that she faces both* BURKE *and* DEMAREST *and with a challenge in her*

voice) Well, gentlemen, what are you going to do about it?

BURKE. (*sternly*) This is what I'm going to do, one way or the other. I'm going to get you.

DEMAREST. (*crossing to table and laying paper on it then stepping back. Gently and persuasively*) I'm going to appeal to your sense of fair play.

MARY. (*as she turns away*) That was killed four years ago.

DEMAREST. Let young Gilder alone.

MARY. (*turning to* DEMAREST, *strong*) His father sent me away for three years, and he's got to pay me.

BURKE. (*quietly*) Don't fool yourself, my girl, you can't go through with it. There's always a weak link in the chain somewhere and I'm going to find it.

MARY. (*turning and looking at* BURKE. *Seriously*) Now you sound really dangerous. (GARSON *enters up left door, closing it after him and speaks as he is crossing down to* BURKE'S *left just above* MARY)

GARSON. Mary, I want to see you a minute.

MARY. (*to* BURKE) Excuse me, please.

BURKE. (*to* MARY) Nothing doin'. (*to* GARSON) What is it?

GARSON. Something private.

BURKE. Private things don't go. (*sternly*) Out with it.

MARY. Tell then, Joe. There's nothing we need be afraid of.

GARSON. Old man Gilder's here.

BURKE. (*as he crosses back of* DEMAREST *to down right in front of trick table. Surprised*) Gilder!

DEMAREST. (*surprised*) Here?

GARSON. That's what I said.

MARY. (*as she shows pleasure*) Have Mr. Gilder

come in, Joe. (GARSON *crosses to door up left center, holds it open and nods to* MR. GILDER. MARY *taking stage down left*) It seems I am having quite a number of distinguished callers today.

DEMAREST. (*to* BURKE) He shouldn't have come. (*starting to door up left center and gets as far as the head of the couch*) Burke and I will attend to this Mr. Gilder. (MR. GILDER *enters and drops his hat on the table in the hall, passes* DEMAREST *and comes down before table at left center and to the right of it facing* MARY *who has her back half to him.* DEMAREST *comes down to upper end of table at left center as soon as* MR. GILDER *pass him*)

GILDER. (*in a hard mechanical tone*) So you are the woman.

MARY. I am the woman. What do you want?

GILDER. My son.

MARY. Have you seen him lately?

GILDER. No.

MARY. Then why do you come?

GILDER. Because I intend to save my boy from a great folly. I am informed that he is infatuated with you and Inspector Burke tells me—tells me—

BURKE. (*starting a step or two forward*) I tell you she's an ex-convict.

GILDER. Is this true?

MARY. (*positively*) It is.

BURKE. You'd better leave her to me. (*crosses toward* MARY *but just as he reaches* MR. GILDER *on his last word* MR. GILDER *checks him with a slight movement of his arm without taking his eyes off* MARY) Now see here, you—!

GILDER. (*stopping him*) If you please, inspector—Of course you don't really care for my son—(BURKE *turns in disgust and crosses right to his former posi-*

tion) so how much will you take to go away—how much?

MARY. I don't want money. Inspector Burke can tell you how easy it is for me to get it.

DEMAREST. If you'll permit me, Mr. Gilder—

GILDER. (*calmly and without taking his eyes off* MARY) I think this matter can be settled between this woman and me. (DEMAREST *crosses right to back of chair left of trick table as* GILDER *continues*) Do you want my son to learn what you are?

MARY. Why not? I'll tell him myself.

GILDER. I don't want him to know. I've spared the boy all his life. If he really loves you —

DICK. (*speaking outside and entering up left center door during the line, closes door after him and puts his hat on the couch. At the sound of* DICK'S *voice* MR. GILDER *takes a step or two back and half turns toward door*) I didn't see father but I left him— (*turns and sees his father and comes down stage and as he passes chair right of table at left center draws it with him by the back until he stands facing his father with his back leaning against the chair. This business is done as he is speaking his next line*) Hello, dad, you got my note?

GILDER. No, I've had no note.

DICK. Then why—? (DICK *looks over his father's shoulder and sees* BURKE *and* DEMAREST) what are they doing here?

MARY. Never mind them. Tell your father your news.

DICK. (*as he crosses down to* MARY *and puts his hands on her shoulders and looks over her shoulders into her face*) Dad, we're married. Mary and I were married this morning.

GILDER. What!

MARY. (*in exultation*) I married your son this morning. Do you understand, Mr. Gilder, I married him.

BURKE. (*tempestuously*) It's a frame up! Tell your father it ain't true. Why, do you know what she is? She's done time and by God she'll do it again.

DICK. (*turning to them*) That's a lie. (*to* MARY) Mary, say it's a lie.

MARY. (*as she turns to Dick and takes a step back*) It's the truth.

BURKE. What did I tell you?

DICK. You have —

MARY. (*looking squarely at* DICK) I have served three years.

GILDER. (*to* DICK) I wanted to save you from this.

DICK. (*facing front*) But there's a mistake.

DEMAREST. There isn't.

DICK. I say there is. (*pleading*) Mary, say there's a mistake—say there's a mistake.

MARY. It's all quite true. (*pause as* DICK *staggers back, with his hand over his eyes, against left side of table at left center and sinks into a sitting position with bowed head on the table*)

GILDER. Do you see what you've done to my boy?

MARY. (*controlling her emotion and starting toward* GILDER). And what is that compared to what you have done to me?

GILDER. What I have done to you?

MARY. (*up to* GILDER; GILDER *breaks ground a step or two during the speech*) Yes, do you remember what I said to you the day you had me sent away?

GILDER. (*as he starts to cross in front of her to* DICK) I don't remember you at all.

MARY. (*stepping in front of him and blocking him*) Don't you remember Mary Turner, who was arrested four years ago for robbing your store? (GILDER *shows he begins to remember and breaks ground a step or two and a little up stage*) who swore she was innocent, and who would have got off if you hadn't asked the judge to make an example of her?

GILDER. You are that girl?

MARY. I am that girl. (DICK *starts to take notice of what is being said and slowly rises and turns and drops to lower side of table at left center*) You helped smash my life, you put me behind the bars, you owe me for all that and I have just begun to collect.

GILDER. And that is why you married my boy?

MARY. It is.

DICK. It's not.

BURKE. (*as he takes a step toward* MARY) Now see here —

DICK. You keep out of this. (BURKE *turns and takes his former position*)

DEMAREST. But Dick—

DICK. And you. (*as he puts his hands on* MARY'S *shoulders. She is standing facing* GILDER) This is my affair. (*to* MARY *as he turns her slightly down stage speaking over her shoulder.* MARY *keeps her eyes on* GILDER) You married me because you loved me.

MARY. I didn't.

DICK. And you love me now.

MARY. No! NO!

DICK. You love me now.

MARY. I don't.

DICK. Look me in the face and say that. (DICK

turns MARY *so that she faces him and holding both her arms*) Look me in the face and say that.

MARY. I don't love you.

DICK. (*as his hands slip down to both her wrists and he tries to draw her to him*) Just the same you're my wife and I'm going to make you love me.

MARY. You can't. You're his son.

DICK. I'm going to make you love me. I don't care what you've done.

BURKE. She's a crook!

DICK. (*to* BURKE) I don't give a damn what she's been. (*to* MARY) Do you hear, I don't care what you've been? From now on you'll go straight. You'll walk the straightest line a woman ever walked. (MARY *who has had her head turned away from him during this speech now starts to draw* DICK *up stage until they reach the chair that* DICK *placed on his entrance, then* DICK *puts his right knee on the chair and as* MARY *continues to draw away she gets around the chair and above* DICK *and on the last few words of his speech he draws her around in front of him again and on his last word forces her hands to the back of the chair, thus forcing her to look at him*) You'll put all thoughts of revenge out of your heart— (DICK *knees on chair*) because I'm going to make (DICK *draws* MARY *around to face him*) you love me. (*a pause as* MARY *gives* DICK *one look of wonder when* BURKE *breaks in sharply*)

BURKE. She's no good, I tell you, she's a crook.

MARY. (MARY *turning quickly to face* BURKE *and forcing her wrists away from* DICK. DICK *off chair and back against table at left center*) And if I am, who made me one? You can't send a decent girl to prison and have her come out anything else.

BURKE. (*sarcastically*) She didn't even get her time off for good behavior.

MARY. And I'm proud of it. (*to* GILDER) Do you know what goes on behind those stone walls? (*to* DEMAREST *as she takes a couple of steps up stage*) Do you, Mr. District Attorney, whose business it is to send girls there? Do you know what a girl is expected to do so that she can get time off for good behavior? If you don't, (*starts down stage and with horror in her voice*) ask the keepers.

GILDER. And you?

MARY. (*as she turns to face* GILDER *and with her back to the chair* DICK *placed on his entrance*) I served every minute of my time: three full, whole years. Do you wonder I want to get even—that someone has got to pay? (*a step to* GILDER) Four years ago you took away my name and gave me a number. Now I've given up—(*ring curtain down*) that number and I've got your name.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I

TIME:—*The next night at half-past ten.*

SCENE:—*Library in* EDWARD GILDER'S *house. At right is a practical bay window with tapestry portieres. Across the back at center is a fire-place. Right of the fire-place is a door leading into another room. Left of the fireplace is a bookcase. The walls over the door up right, fireplace, and both bookcases are covered with tapestry. At the left second entrance is a door which leads into the hall. Below this door is another bookcase. To the left of the fireplace and between it and the bookcase is a chair and another chair is in front of the fireplace. Down right is a library table with a practical lamp on the right middle side and a 'phone on the right upper end. On the surbase just below the bay window is the practical bell box of the 'phone. Down left is a couch set diagonally. Back of the couch is a small square table with a practical lamp, box of cigarettes and box of matches on it. On the wall left between the door and the book-case is a push-button switch which is supposed to control chandelier, but does not.*

LIGHTS:—*Foots up, amber, no borders. Both table lamps lit, with amber shades and globes. Chandeliers not on in* SCENE I *but on and off with foots on cues in* SCENE II. *Chandelier has amber shades and amber globes. Moonlight in bay*

window to be flashed on and off on cue, once in SCENE I *and once in* SCENE II.

AT RISE:—MR. GILDER, *wearing dinner clothes, is discovered seated at the table at right center reading a book. After a short pause, the door at left opens and* DICK *enters, closing the door after him and coming to back of couch above table. He is in dinner clothes. As he enters* MR. GILDER *looks up, then goes on with his reading.*

DICK. (*as* DICK *speaks he comes around to the front of couch*) I'm awfully sorry I'm so late, Dad.

GILDER. (*without raising his eyes*) Where have you been? With that woman again?

DICK. (*coming around upper end of couch to front of it*) She won't see me.

GILDER. Naturally. She's got all she wants from you: my name!

DICK. (*to lower end of couch and sits*) It's mine, too, you know, sir.

GILDER. (*turning to* DICK) Dick, you're all I have, my boy. You'll have to free yourself from this woman somehow. You owe me that much.

DICK. Dear old dad, I owe you everything in the world, but I owe something to her, too—

GILDER. What can you owe her? She tricked you into this marriage—it's not even that, she's simply fooled you into a wedding ceremony. Now it's for us to get you out of this scrape —·

DICK. I'm not certain that I want to get out of it.

GILDER. You want to stay married to this jailbird?

DICK. (*rising sharply*) I'm very fond of her, dad.

GILDER. Now that you know?

DICK. Now that I know. (*as* DICK *crosses to* GILDER *at the table*) Don't you see she's justified in a way, in her own mind, I mean? She was innocent when she was sent to prison. She feels that society owes her something—

GILDER. Don't talk nonsense. I suppose you'll argue next that because she's clever enough to keep within the law since she got out of State's Prison that she's not a criminal. (DICK *crosses to center*) A crime's a crime whether the law touches it or not. There's only one course open to you, my boy: you must give this girl up.

DICK. (*crossing to left center*) I've told you, dad, that I can't.

GILDER. (*rising and crossing to* DICK) You must, I tell you. (*pause then softly*) If you don't what are you going to do the day your wife is thrown into a patrol wagon and carried down to police-headquarters? (DICK *turns to* GILDER *as if about to speak*) for it's sure to happen. The cleverest people make mistakes and some day she'll make one!

DICK. But she isn't going to —

GILDER. (DICK *turns away*) They'll stand her in a line and the detectives will walk past her with masks on their faces; her picture is already in the Rogues' Gallery, but they'll take another—yes, and the imprints of her fingers, and the measurements of her body.

DICK. (*turning quickly to* GILDER) Father!

GILDER. That's what they'll do to your wife, the woman who bears your name and mine; now what are you going to do about it?

DICK. It will never happen. She'll go straight. You don't know her as I do. (*sits on lower end of couch*)

GILDER. (*crossing to Dick*) Be sensible, my boy, be sensible.

DICK. Why Dad, she's young—she's just like a child in a hundred ways. She loves everything that's simple and real! And as for her heart, dad—I've seen her pick up a baby that had fallen in the street and mother it in a way that—well no one could do it as she did unless her soul was clean.

GILDER. After what you heard her say yesterday, you still think that?

DICK. I don't think—I know.

GILDER. Do you realize what you are doing? Don't go to smash just at the beginning of your life. Put this woman out of your thoughts and start afresh.

DICK. I can't.

GILDER. (*putting his left hand on* DICK'S *right shoulder*) You're all I have, my boy.

DICK. (*rising*) Dad, I know, I'm sorry—if I could avoid it, I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world—but I've got to fight this out in my own way. (*crossing in front of* GILDER *and above the table at right to bay window*) And I'm *going to.* (MR. GILDER *starts toward* DICK. THOMAS *enters right door and* MR. GILDER *stops as* THOMAS *stands with card tray and card just inside the door, which he closes after him*)

GILDER. (*at center*) Well, Thomas?

THOMAS. A man to see you, sir.

GILDER. I can't see anyone tonight. (*starts to cross to* DICK *at first word of* THOMAS)

THOMAS. (*as he crosses down to* GILDER'S *left*) He says it's very important, sir. (*offers* GILDER *a card on a tray*)

GILDER. (*takes card and reads*) Inspector Burke. (*to* THOMAS) Show him in. (THOMAS *crosses to door left and exits leaving door open*)

DICK. Burke! (*starts toward door up right*)

GILDER. Better wait a minute. You may as well get used to visits from the police. (DICK *comes down to right upper corner of table at right. Enter* THOMAS, *stands above door facing down stage.* BURKE *follows* THOMAS *in and crosses to table at back of couch and puts his hat on it, then goes around upper end of couch to* GILDER. THOMAS *exits left closing door after him*)

GILDER. (*at* BURKE'S *entrance*) Good evening Inspector—you wish to see me?

BURKE. Yes. (DICK *starts for door up right*) I want to see you, too, young man. (DICK *stops and turning comes down to right side of table at right center*)

GILDER. Well, Burke?

BURKE. Well, she's skipped.

DICK. I don't believe it.

BURKE. (*to* GILDER) She left this afternoon for Chicago. I told you she'd go. Now all we have to do is to get this boy out of this scrape and we're all right.

GILDER. If we only could.

BURKE. Oh, I guess we can find some way to have the marriage annulled—(DICK *gives* BURKE *a look of anger*) or whatever they do to marriages that don't take.

DICK. (*angrily*) Don't you interfere in this.

BURKE. Interfere? (*as he crosses to the left of table at right center*) Huh! That's what I'm paid

to do. (*quietly, with meaning*) Listen to me, son: the minute you begin mixing up with crooks you ain't in a position to give orders to anyone. A crook's got no rights in the eyes of the police. Just remember that.

DICK. (*all anger gone*) So she's going to Chicago.

BURKE. Yes.

DICK. Where's she going in Chicago?

BURKE. I'm no mind reader, but she's a swell little girl; I've got to hand it to her for that anyway—she'll probably stop at the Blackstone—that is until the Chicago police are tipped off that she's in town.

DICK. Burke, give me a chance—I'll leave for Chicago in the morning. Give me twenty-four hours start before you begin hounding her.

BURKE. That sounds reasonable.

GILDER. (*as he quietly comes down to* BURKE'S *left*) You shan't go, Dick. You shan't go.

BURKE. (*to* GILDER) Why not? It's a fair gamble and I like the boy's nerve.

DICK. (*to* BURKE) And you'll agree?

BURKE. Yes.

DICK. (*as he starts for door up right*) Thank you.

GILDER. (*turning toward* DICK) You shan't go.

BURKE. (*aside to* GILDER *as he crosses to down right corner of table at right and then turns to face* GILDER) Keep still, it's all right.

DICK. (*turns at door up right and then crosses down to lower left corner of table at right and faces* BURKE) You give me your word that you won't notify the police in Chicago until I've been there twenty-four hours?

BURKE. You're on. They won't get a whisper out of me until the time's up.

DICK. (*as he starts to door up right*) Thank you

GILDER. But Dick—(DICK *is just on a level with his father and turns to him with his back to the audience*) I'm sorry Dad, but I've got to do what I think is the right thing. (*up to door up right and exit closing door after him*)

BURKE. (*as he starts across stage left to the lower end of couch*) Sure you have. (DICK *exits*) That's the best any of us can do. (*pause as* GILDER *goes to armchair back of table at right and sits.* BURKE *turns at lower end of couch and looks at him*)

BURKE. (*as he crosses up center*) He'll go to Chicago in the morning?

GILDER. Certainly.

BURKE. Best thing that could happen. (*pause*) He won't find her there.

GILDER. (*in surprise*) What makes you think that?

BURKE. (*with a chuckle*) Because she didn't go there.

GILDER. Where did she go then?

BURKE. Nowhere—yet. But just about the time he's starting for the west, I'll have her down to Police Headquarters, Demarest will have her indicted before noon, she'll get on trial in the afternoon, and tomorrow night she'll be sleeping up the river. That's where she's going.

GILDER. (*rising*) But how can you do that?

BURKE. (*as he crosses to* GILDER) Maybe I can't—but I will. Think I'm going to let this girl make a joke of the Police Department? Listen—this is where I'll get her—her gang is going to break into your house tonight.

GILDER. She's— (*stepping toward window at right*) coming here, (*looking out window, then back to right side of table facing* BURKE) A thief?

BURKE. Not if I know her she won't. She's too clever for that. Why if she even knew what Garson was up to tonight, there isn't anything in the world she wouldn't do to stop him.—(*pause as* BURKE *shows that he has thought of something*) By God, I've got her. (*as he drops quickly into chair back of table right and pulls the 'phone toward him*) Can I use your 'phone?

GILDER. Certainly.

BURKE. (*into 'phone*) Give me thirty-one hundred Spring. (*to* GILDER) Maybe it isn't too late. I must have been out of my head not to have thought of it before. (*into 'phone*) Headquarters? Inspector Burke speaking. Who's in my office? (*short pause*) I want him quick. (*to* GILDER) Smith's the best man I've got. We're in some luck anyhow. (*into 'phone*) Oh Ed, send someone up to the Turner woman's flat—tip her off that Joe Garson, Chicago Red and Tom Dacey are going to break into Edward Gilder's house tonight. Get some stool to hand her the information, and you've got to work quick. Hold on—(*pause as* BURKE *looks at his watch*) It's ten thirty now. She went to the Eltinge Theatre with some woman. Try to get her as she's leaving there, you'll have to hustle. If you miss her at the theatre, have the man go to the house for her. That's all. (*hangs up receiver*)

GILDER. What good will all that do?

BURKE. She'll come here to stop them and we'll grab her when we get the rest of the gang. (*as he slaps the table and rises and crosses to center*) God, I'll be glad to get Garson. (*turning to* GILDER) Mr. Gilder, I've tried for twenty years to land that

crook; but he managed to slip through my fingers every time. Just ring for your man, will you please, Mr. Gilder? (GILDER *presses call button under table edge and flashlight from Metropolitan tower floods the room with a white light for a few minutes.* BURKE *with some surprise*) What's that?

GILDER. That's the flashlight from the Metropolitan Tower. (BURKE *turns and crosses up center facing door left.* MR. GILDER *goes to the portieres, and during the remainder of the speech draws them over the bay window*) The servants forgot to draw the curtains. It won't bother us again. (THOMAS *enters door left closing the door after him.* MR. GILDER *turns, facing* THOMAS *and* BURKE, *and standing at the portieres*)

BURKE. My man, I want you to go up on the roof and open the scuttle. You'll find three men up there. Bring them down here. (*a frightened start from* THOMAS) Oh, they won't hurt you. They're police officers. Then, you go to bed and stay there till morning, understand? (THOMAS *looks at* GILDER)

GILDER. Do as the Inspector tells you, Thomas.

THOMAS. (*as he starts across the stage right*) Very good sir. (BURKE *watches* THOMAS *as he crosses and exits at right upper door, closing door after him*)

GILDER. (*as Burke comes down center and he crosses to* BURKE *at center*) How do you know they are going to break into this house, or do you only think they are?

BURKE. I know they are. I fixed it.

GILDER. You did?

BURKE. Sure! Through a stool pigeon.

GILDER. Oh, an informer.

BURKE. Sure. The stool-pigeon in this trick is a swell English crook named Griggs who went to

Garson yesterday morning with a scheme to rob your house. Garson fell for it and Griggs got word to me at once that it was coming off tonight—and that's how I know.

GILDER. But why have your men come down over the roof?

BURKE. It wasn't safe to bring them in the front way. It's a cinch this house is being watched. Just let me have your latch-key. (GILDER *hesitates*) Oh come on.

GILDER. (*as he starts to take ring of keys from pocket*) What for?

BURKE. I want to come back and make this collar myself.

GILDER. (*as he hands* BURKE *the key*) Why not stay now that you're here?

BURKE. Suppose some one saw me coming in? There'd be nothing doing until they saw me go out.

GILDER. I see. (BURKE *takes the stage down right.* GILDER *goes up center; door up right opens and Thomas enters and stands to the right of the door facing* GILDER. CASSIDY *enters after* THOMAS, *followed by* THOMPSON *and* WILLIAMS *whom* CASSIDY *motions to each side of the door up right and then* CASSIDY *comes to left end of table at right*) Go to bed. (THOMAS *exits door up right and closes it after him*)

BURKE. Where can these men stay until they're needed?

GILDER. There's an empty room on the next floor that —

BURKE. (*interrupting him*) Won't do. (*crosses up to door up right opens it and steps into next room and looks off left*) What's that door leading from this room here?

GILDER. (*taking a step down stage so that he can see* BURKE) That leads to the third floor —

BURKE. No I don't mean that one. The one on the other side of the room.

GILDER. Oh that? That opens into a hall which leads to a store-room.

BURKE. (*as he enters to lower end of couch*) Take a look at that room, Cassidy. (CASSIDY *exits through door up right and disappears off left. To* GILDER) These men came through number twenty-six on the other street, then round the block on the roof.

GILDER. I see. To avoid suspicion. (GILDER *crosses up stage just above upper end of couch*)

BURKE. Sure. You can't be too careful in a case like this. (CASSIDY *enters at door up right and comes down left end of table at right. As* CASSIDY *enters*) Well, Cassidy?

CASSIDY. It'll do. Now if the light is out in that room, we can leave the door of the room where we are, open. Will that be all right, Inspector?

BURKE. How about it, Mr. Gilder? Anyone likely to be using that room?

GILDER. No one.

BURKE. That'll do then. (*up to* GILDER) Now, I'm going to give you the same tip I gave your man. Go to bed and stay there.

GILDER. I'm doing this because there seems to be no other way; but I don't like it.

BURKE. Believe me, it's the easiest and quickest for us all. (*coming down center*) Cassidy!

CASSIDY. (*stepping forward to meet* BURKE) Yes, sir?

BURKE. You're in charge here and I hold you responsible.

CASSIDY. Yes, chief.

BURKE. Now listen to this and get it! I'm coming back to get this bunch myself and I'll call you when I want you. You'll wait in that store room out there and not make a move until you hear from me, unless by any chance things go wrong and you get a call from Griggs—you know who he is?

CASSIDY. Yes, sir.

BURKE. He's got a whistle and he'll use it if necessary. Got that straight?

CASSIDY. Yes, sir.

BURKE. On your way then. (CASSIDY *starts toward door up right*) Just a minute. (CASSIDY *stops and comes down to* BURKE) The minute you get in the room, jump for that window. (*indicating window right*) Understand?

CASSIDY. Yes, sir.

BURKE. That's all. (CASSIDY *goes up toward door right, motions* THOMPSON *and* WILLIAMS *off and follows them, closing door after him. As* BURKE *crosses up above couch to table, gets his hat and turns to* GILDER) Now then, Mr. Gilder, I'll have to ask a little help from you to delay things a little to give that Turner girl time to get here. Keep your lights burning until about half past eleven. They won't try anything as long as a light can be seen. Then go to bed and stay there. (GILDER *sighs*) Don't worry about the boy. We'll get him out all right.

GILDER. I hope so.

BURKE. Nothing to it. Good night. (BURKE *exits left door closing it after him.* GILDER *pauses a moment, looks around then crosses to portieres and parts them and looks out*)

(RING CURTAIN DOWN)

(*As the curtain touches the stage all lights out except the moonlight. Chimes as a distant town-clock starts striking twelve o'clock*)

ACT III

SCENE II

TIME.—*Same night—Twelve o'clock.*

SCENE—*The same.*

LIGHTS.—*Everything out but the moonlight. In this scene every time the chandeliers go up and down the amber foots work with them.*

AT RISE:—*On the eleventh stroke of the chime the curtain rises on a dark stage. On the twelfth stroke, the portieres part and* GARSON *steps into the room and closes them. All his movements are made without a sound but are not stealthy. On the contrary he works in an extremely business-like manner. He takes care however, to walk on the balls of his feet with a peculiar catlike tread. He then lights a pocket flash and flashes it around the room. He crosses to door at up right center and listens, then crosses to door left and quietly opens it and listens, then quietly closes it and flashes his lamp on the switch on the wall just below the door left. Then he crosses to the table down right, flashes his lamp up through the shade, then lights the table lamp. As soon as the table lamp is lit, he puts out his flash lamp, puts it in his pocket and looks around the room. He then crosses up, takes the chair from in front of fireplace and places it against the up right center*

door in such a way that anyone entering would stumble over it. Then, coming down to the back of the table at right center he takes up the 'phone in both hands and calls 999 Bryant. As he is waiting he again looks around the room as if watching the door, and then, setting down the 'phone with the receiver at his ear picks up a penholder and turns to the 'phone as if he had an answer from his number. Then he taps out a message in Morse code on the mouthpiece with the penholder. A reply is heard in the Morse code and then he hangs up receiver. Looking around he finds the bell-box of the 'phone on the surbase below the bay window. He kneels down facing front and unscrews one bell and lays it on the floor then removes the other one. Then picking up both bells he rises and sets them on the table under the lamp. Then as he stands at the right end of the table, he takes out his revolver and "silencer." He is watching the doors all the time. Then putting the revolver in his right side trouser pocket he takes out his pocket flash from his inside coat pocket, turns out the table lamp, and, with his flash lamp showing ahead of him, crosses to door left and exits, leaving the door open. The stage remains dark for a few moments then the light from the pocket flash is seen on the ceiling and gradually comes down until it is shining directly across the stage on the door up right center. Then enter at door left, DACEY, *who crosses to the right upper corner of the table at right center.* DACEY *is followed by* GRIGGS *who crosses around the upper end of the couch then down center and stands facing up stage.* GRIGGS *is followed by* CHICAGO RED *who crosses over to upper end of bay win-*

dow. Each of the men passes in front of the light of the flash lamp as they enter. GARSON *then enters, putting out his flash lamp and closing the door quietly. Then he turns to switch on the wall below the door. All talking from here until* MARY *orders to turn up lights is carried on in monotone*)

GARSON. All right so far. Wait till I turn up the lights. (*presses switch for chandelier lights. As chandelier lights,* DACEY *and* CHICAGO RED *turn to portieres.* GRIGGS *starts up toward portieres and* GARSON, *as he speaks, crosses down below couch and over to portieres and is just at up right center as the telephone buzzes*) Is that what we want?

GRIGGS. Yes.

GARSON. We got to hurry and—(*phone buzzes.* GARSON *jumps quickly and picks up the 'phone and removes the receiver. The 'phone then stops buzzing.* GRIGGS *comes quickly down to* GARSON'S *left shoulder.* CHICAGO RED *turns and leans over up right corner of table and* DACEY *over back of* GARSON'S *chair*) We got to take a chance. (*then puts the receiver to his ear and a telegraph message is heard coming over the 'phone and after it stops* GARSON *speaks*) That's Mary's call.

GRIGGS, RED *and* DACEY. Mary's? (*telegraph message starts again*)

GARSON. Yes, she's on. (*he holds receiver a few inches away from his ear and as the message comes over the 'phone he translates*) Am—at—corner—drug—store! Have—some—one—open—door—for—me—immediately. (*during the translation* GRIGGS *draws away up center watching* GARSON)

GRIGGS. She's coming over?

GARSON. I'll stop her. (*sets down 'phone and picks up penholder*)

RED. Right! stop her.

GARSON. (GARSON *taps out a message on the mouthpiece—pause but gets no answer*) She don't answer! (*tries again, gets no answer and then as he quickly hangs up receiver*) She's gone.

GRIGGS. Probably on her way.

GARSON. (*at the upper left corner of the table*) What's she coming here for? This is no place for her! If anything should go wrong now—

GRIGGS. Nothing can. (*as he quickly crosses to door left*) I'll let her in.

GARSON. (*as he advances to center and sharply to* GRIGGS) Griggs! (GRIGGS *stops at door left and turns to* GARSON) Got a lamp?

GRIGGS. Sure. (*exits at door left leaving it open*)

GARSON. (*after a look at* GRIGGS *then coming down left corner of table at right*) If anything should go wrong now! Oh! Why did she have to come? (MARY *enters hurriedly at left door and crosses above couch and down to* GARSON. *As* MARY *enters*) What do you want here? (GRIGGS *enters, removes his hat quietly, closes door, and drops down to table back of couch*)

MARY. You lied to me. (*amber light back of door up right, on*)

GARSON. That can be settled later.

MARY. (*turning up stage*) You're fools, all of you. This is burglary. How can I protect you if you're caught? Come, we must get away at once. (*turning to* GARSON) Joe, make them go.

GARSON. We're here now and we can't leave.

MARY. Joe, for my sake.

GARSON. I can't leave till we've got what we're after.

MARY. But there are reasons—I can't have you rob this house! (*turning up stage*) Boys, let's get away—please—please. (*to* GARSON) Joe, for God's sake.

GARSON. (*as he crosses left in front of* MARY *and to the middle of the front of the couch and facing up stage*) I'm going to see this thing through.

MARY. Joe!

GARSON. It's settled.

MARY. Then—(MARY *starts to go toward door left*)

GARSON. (*as he takes a step up stage*) You can't go.

MARY. Why?

GARSON. You might be caught.

MARY. And if I were—do you think I'd tell?

GARSON. Of course not. You'd go for a lifer first.

MARY. Rather than—

GARSON. Just the same we can't take any chances. We'll all get away in a minute and you'll come with us. Tom, get to that light switch. (DACEY *crosses to switch left, and places his left hand on it as* GARSON *continues*) If you hear me snap my fingers turn 'em off. Understand?

MARY. Joe, don't do this.

GARSON. You can't stop it now, and you're only making it dangerous for us all. (*to* RED) Red, you get to that door. (RED, *who is at right goes quickly up, takes chair away from door up right puts it at the right side of the fireplace and returns to the door as* GARSON *continues*) If anyone comes in, get him and get him quick—don't give a chance to cry out.

RED. (*as he holds up his right hand*) Not a chance with dis to cover his mug. (RED *turns then with his ear to the jamb of the door, listening*)

GARSON. (*with his face still up stage. To* GRIGGS) Now let's get to work. (GRIGGS *quickly goes up, puts his hat on the chair left of the fireplace, returns and stands at the up stage side of the table back of the couch*)

MARY. Listen to me, Joe: if you do this, I'm through with you—I quit.

GARSON. If this goes through we'll all quit. That's why I'm doing it. (*to the others*) Come boys, push that table. (*indicating table back of the couch*) Against the wall so I can stand on it—(GRIGGS *bends down as if to pick up table,* GARSON *starts up stage and over toward portieres.* MARY *tries to stop* GARSON *as he passes her, then crosses around lower end of couch as if to hold table*)

MARY. No Joe! NO! NO! NO! ——

RED. (*makes a hissing sound and everybody stops just where he is.* GARSON *is up center, facing* RED. MARY *is at the lower end of the table back of couch.* DACEY *is at the light switch left.* GRIGGS *is above the table back of the couch in the act of lifting it and* RED *has his ear at the door up right. There is a short pause and* RED *again gives the warning hiss*) I hear something. (*pause*) It's comin' this way!

GARSON. (*as he snaps his fingers*) Lights! (*the lights go out and in the pause of darkness before* DICK *enters at up right door,* GARSON *first crosses back of couch to left side of table just above* MARY *with his pocket flash ready.* GRIGGS *then crosses up center,* DACEY *follows* GRIGGS *and stands at his left and* CHICAGO RED *steps well back into the corner between the door up right and the bay window.* DICK *opens up right door, stands for a moment in the light and then steps into the room drawing the door closed after him. Just before the door closes* RED'S *right*

hand grabs DICK'S *wrist and forces* DICK'S *hand over his own mouth. The door then closes and in the darkness* RED *grabs* DICK'S *other wrist and they struggle down to the lower end of the front of the couch;* DICK *is then forced down on his knee. As* DICK *goes to his knee* RED *speaks*)

RED. I've got him. (GARSON *flashes pocket flash on* DICK'S *face. As* DICK'S *face is seen* MARY *speaks*)

MARY. It's Dick.

GARSON. (*as he takes flash off* DICK'S *face and returns it to his pocket and crosses up around the upper end of the couch and to the front of it*) Get away Red. (RED *lets go of* DICK *and goes up stage quickly between* GRIGGS *and* DACEY. *As soon as* DICK *is released he rises and kneeling on couch leans over and lights the lamp on the table back of the couch. As he lights the lamp both baby spots come on, trained on* DICK'S *and* MARY'S *face.* DICK *is kneeling on the couch and* MARY *is back of it and then they are face to face.* MARY'S *hand is on the back of the couch*)

DICK. (*as he places his hand over* MARY'S) Good God! You.

MARY. (*warningly*) Hush! You don't understand.

DICK. I understand this—whether you ever did before or not, this time you have broken the law. You're in my hands now, and these men as well,—and unless you do as I say, I'll jail every one of them.

MARY. You can't. I'm the only one you've seen.

DICK. That's soon remedied. (*starts to turn away*)

MARY. (*as she grabs* DICK'S *left arm with her left hand*) Don't turn, Dick. It isn't safe.

DICK. I'm not afraid.

RED. Who is this?

DICK. Her husband. Who are you?

MARY. Don't speak, any of you. Don't let him hear your voices.

DICK. (*to* MARY) You're fighting me like a coward. You're taking advantage of my love—you think because of it I can't make a move against these men. Now you listen to me.

MARY. I won't. There's nothing to listen about. There never can be anything between you and me. (*turns away to the left and attempts to go up stage*)

DICK. (*as he draws* MARY *back to him*) There can be and there will be. (*to the men and half turning to them*) You men back there, if I give you my word to let everyone of you go free and pledge myself never to recognize one of you again, will you make Mary listen to me? Give me a few moments to state my case and whether I win or lose you men go free and I forget everything that has happened here tonight. (RED *laughs derisively. To* MARY) Tell them I can be trusted.

GARSON. I know that.

DICK. (*to* MARY) You must listen! Your very safety depends on me. Suppose I call for help.

GARSON. (*as he comes quickly down to* DICK'S *side,* GRIGGS *comes quickly down to center and* DACEY *and* RED *each step forward*) You'd only call once.

DICK. (*as he turns and looks at* GARSON) Perhaps once would be enough.

GARSON. (*short pause*) You win. (GARSON *turns and faces up stage then to* RED) Red, you go into that hall. (*indicating door left.* RED *crosses quickly to the door,* GRIGGS *goes up stage, and* DACEY *returns to his former position.* RED *pauses at the door left as* GARSON *continues*) Don't take any chances with a whistle—come in and tell us if you hear anything. If we're rushed and have to make a quick getaway, see that Mary has the first chance.

RED. Right. (RED *exits at left door closing it after him*)

GARSON. (*to* DICK) Make it quick, remember. (*then* GARSON *goes up stage to the others*)

DICK. (*turning to* MARY *and putting his left arm around her waist*) Don't you care for me at all?

MARY. No, no.

DICK. I know you do, a little anyway—if you'll only give me half a chance. Oh, Mary, can't you see you're throwing away everything that makes life worth while? (*pause*) Why don't you answer me?

MARY. That wasn't in our bargain.

DICK. Mary, Mary, you've got to change—don't be so hard—give the woman in you a chance.

MARY. (*sharply—to hide her feelings*) I am what I am and I can't change—keep your promise now and let's get out of this. (MARY *tries to get away and turns up stage to her right*)

DICK. (DICK *draws her back and around the corner of the couch*) You can change. After all, you've married me, and it's up to you to give me a chance to make good. I need you and you need me—come away with me.

MARY. (*as she turns to* DICK *and puts her hands on his shoulders*) No. No. I married you, not because I loved you, but to repay your father. I wouldn't even let myself think of you—then suddenly I realized I had spoiled your life.

DICK. Spoiled it?

MARY. Absolutely. If I understood I really cared I wouldn't have married you for anything in the world.

DICK. But now, dear?

MARY. Can't you see, I'm a jail-bird? Nothing can alter that.

DICK. (*putting both his arms around* MARY *and drawing her close to him*) But you do love me and nothing else matters. Don't you know you can't beat the law? Suppose you were caught here tonight with a gang of burglars, where would you get off? Why didn't you protect yourself? Why didn't you go to Chicago as you had planned?

MARY. (*quietly as if she didn't understand*) What?

DICK. Why didn't you go to Chicago as you had planned? (GRIGGS *starts quietly to draw away from the others at up center and crosses down to left end of table at right center, listening intently*)

MARY. (*a little more interested and disengaging herself*) Arranged with whom?

DICK. With Burke.

MARY. (*suspiciously*) Burke?

DICK. Yes.

MARY. Who told you I had arranged it?

DICK. Burke did.

MARY. (*now thoroughly alert*) When?

DICK. Less than an hour ago.

MARY. Where?

DICK. In this room.

MARY. Burke was here?

DICK. Yes.

MARY. What was he doing?

DICK. Talking to my father. (GRIGGS *turns and rushes up to bay window, parts the portieres and looks out*)

MARY. (*to* GARSON *as she crosses below the couch to center facing up stage*) Joe! Turn up those lights. (GARSON *crosses to switch on the wall left*) I want to see the face of every man in this room. (*chandelier lights up and* GARSON *quietly comes down back to the couch and to the front lower end*

of it. GRIGGS *on the chandelier lighting jumps away from the portieres and backs up into the corner between the door up right and the bay window, breathing heavily and scared, with his eyes on* MARY. MARY *keeps her eyes on* GRIGGS *as she speaks.* DICK *gets off couch and crosses to the upper front corner of it, watching* MARY) Dick, how much are those tapestries worth?

DICK. Oh, two or three hundred dollars. Why?

MARY. Never mind that. How long have you had them?

DICK. Ever since I can remember.

MARY. Then they're not the famous masterpieces your father bought recently?

DICK. I should say not.

MARY. It's a trick. (*turning to* GARSON, and as MARY *takes her eyes off* GRIGGS *to turn to* GARSON, GRIGGS *jumps for the up right door*) Burke's done it. (*the noise of the lock turns* MARY'S *attention back to* GRIGGS) Griggs!

GRIGGS. (*turning and facing* MARY *and coming a little to center and with fear in his voice*) He's lying to you. They're worth half a million.

MARY. You stool-pigeon, you did this for Burke.

GRIGGS. I swear I didn't.

MARY. You came to me yesterday with this plan from him.

GRIGGS. I swear I was on the level.

GARSON. (*at the front lower end of couch*) It's a frame-up.

GRIGGS. (*defiantly*) Well, what of it?

GARSON. (*as he draws his revolver*) I'll get you for this—(GRIGGS *puts police whistle to his mouth*) Drop that whistle. (GARSON *rushes up center as he fires at* GRIGGS. *No sound is heard. As* GRIGGS *drops straight down stage so that his head is at the*

end of the table and his feet up stage, MARY *gives a little scream, and with her eyes on* GRIGGS, *backs quickly to the couch.* DICK *steps down, puts his left hand under* GARSON'S *wrist and then his right over* GARSON'S *wrist and turns* GARSON'S *arm over. This forces* GARSON *around in front of and to* DICK'S *right side, and facing front with his arm turned over so that it forces him to drop the revolver*)

GARSON. (*as he drops the revolver*) Give me that gun.

RED. (*as he enters door left hurriedly and stands at it and closes it after him*) Somebody's opening the front door! (*there is a pause, then* GARSON *and* DICK *break.* GARSON *quickly steps over* GRIGGS' *body, crosses to bay window, throws the down stage portiere back and looks out. As* GARSON *starts for the bay window,* DACEY, *who is up left center, and* RED, *who is at the door left, quickly follow* GARSON *across right to bay-window and stand above him; and as he turns back into the room,* DACEY, *who is front, throws the up stage portiere back and they both hurriedly exit through bay-window. As* GARSON *leaves* DICK, *he bends down and picks up the revolver and puts it in his pocket then quickly runs to door left, and looks out, then closes it and stands listening at the door jamb*)

GARSON. (*at the bay-window*) The street's empty. We've got to jump for it. (*turns and crosses quickly back toward* MARY *passing between the chair and the table at right as far as the body of* GRIGGS; *then, as he leans over the body of* GRIGGS *with his hand out to* MARY) Come on, Mary.

DICK. (*at door left*) She can't make it.

GARSON. But if she's caught?

DICK. She won't be.

GARSON. If she is, I'll get you, so look out. (DICK *is urging in dumb motion from the door left to get out as he is watching through the crack of the door.* GARSON *looks down into* GRIGGS' *face. To* GRIGGS) You stool-pigeon, now tell that to Burke. (GARSON *turns and quickly exits through bay-window.* MARY, *who has been perfectly still, her eyes riveted on* GRIGGS, *now starts slowly to move the body*)

(*The spot from the Metropolitan tower light is lit with the blinder on*)

DICK. (*moving quickly toward* MARY *with his eyes on the door left and speaking as he comes*) Mary! (*then as he grabs* MARY *by both shoulders*) Mary!! (MARY *gives a start*)

MARY. (*in a semi-hysterical way*) I never saw a man killed before. (DICK *now half carries* MARY *and half pushes her down toward lower end of couch where he throws her at the end of her line and she falls with her face buried in the down-stage arm*) He was standing there a moment ago and now— (*as* MARY *falls on the couch* DICK *hurries up around the upper end of couch to the switch below the door left and presses it. The chandelier goes out and as* DICK *watches the door left he quickly comes to the back of the couch above the table and takes a cigarette and match from the table, then sits on the back of the couch, leans over gently shaking* MARY *by the shoulder speaks in a whisper*)

DICK. Talk to me! Talk to me! And above everything keep your head. (*turns to the door and in his natural voice*) It was bully of you to come and see me. (*in a whisper to* MARY) Talk to me! Talk to me! Pretend you've come to see me. (*naturally*) I've been trying to see you all day. (*pre-*

pares to light cigarette) I know that my father will eventually—(*strikes match and about to light cigarette*)

BURKE. (*as he quickly opens door with revolver in his right hand aimed into the room and quickly steps half way into the room*) Hands up! All of you! (MARY *comes up quickly to a sitting position facing down stage*)

DICK. (*with lighted match in his hand showing his nervousness*) Why, what are you doing in this house at this time of night? Don't you know there are limits even to what you can do?

BURKE. (*sharply and indicating* MARY *with the revolver*) What's she doing here?

DICK. You forget yourself, Inspector: this is my wife.

MARY. (*in a semi-hysterical way*) Why shouldn't I be here?

BURKE. (*sharply*) Where's your father?

DICK. In bed, I suppose. (*shakes out watch*) Again I ask you what you are doing here at this time of night?

BURKE. (*as he puts revolver in his pocket—impatiently*) Oh call your father. (MARY *starts to turn toward the body, and slides up to the middle of the couch*)

DICK. It's too late and I'd rather not disturb him. Oh I see Inspector, I'll have to tell you the truth. My wife has decided to give up. (DICK *puts his right hand back and puts it on* MARY'S *right shoulder and draws her back so that her face is directly under the lamp. He then lets go of her as he continues, and* MARY *starts again moving toward the body and sliding up stage on the couch*) We're going away together, but you see we had to talk things over. Now if you could come back in the morning?

BURKE. Oh, so that's it?

DICK. Why yes, what did you think?

BURKE. I didn't know. You see I had some business here and—(*Metropolitan tower light flashes around and lights up the room disclosing the body of* GRIGGS. MARY *screams and half rises.* DICK *quickly gets off the back of the couch and paces around the upper end of it and takes* MARY *in his arms and seats her again on the couch, as the white light discloses the body of* GRIGGS) What's that? (*presses switch on the wall which lights the chandelier and calls*) Cassidy! (*as he runs across the stage towards door up right. At center*) Cassidy!! (*as he throws open door up right*) Cassidy!!! (*quickly turns as he is crossing the body*) Right where you are, both of you. (*kneels at the left of the body and feels the breast*)

CASSIDY. (*as he rushes in door up right and down to the left of the body followed by* WILLIAMS *and* THOMPSON *who stand one each side of the door up right*) What is it chief?

BURKE. They've got Griggs.

CASSIDY. Got Griggs?

BURKE. Yes, I'll break you for this. Why did'nt you come in when you heard the shot?

CASSIDY. There wasn't any shot. We didn't hear a sound.

BURKE. (*as he rises and faces* DICK *and* MARY) Why you could drive a hearse through the hole they've made in him. (*to* DICK *and* MARY. *Quietly*) So now it's murder? Where's the gun? Hand it over. (*pause*) Search him.

CASSIDY. (*as he just crosses body toward* DICK) Yes, Sir. (MR. GILDER *enters up right door and comes down to table at the right of the body*)

DICK. (*as he takes revolver from his pocket and offers it to* BURKE) Here it is.

GILDER. What's this?

BURKE. (*to* GILDER) You wait. (*as he crosses down right in front of table examining revolver*) So you did it eh? Cassidy, you and Thompson take 'em both down town. (CASSIDY *motions with his hand and* THOMPSON *crosses from left of door up right to upper corner of the couch*)

DICK. Not her, you don't want her. It's all wrong.

MARY. (*as she takes* DICK'S *hand in both hers and lays her cheek against it and facing front*) Don't talk, Dick—don't talk.

BURKE. (*turns facing* DICK) What did you expect? Either you killed Griggs or she did. Did she kill him?

DICK. Good God, no!

BURKE. Then it's you.

MARY. It isn't. It isn't.

BURKE. Now one of you killed Griggs. Did she do it?

DICK. I told you no.

BURKE. Did he kill him? (*stepping to center and indicating* MARY *with the revolver which is in his right hand*) You, I'm talking to you. Did he kill him?

MARY. (*showing that she has an idea*) Yes.

DICK. (*as he draws back from* MARY) Mary!

GILDER. So that's your revenge?

MARY. I don't want revenge.

GILDER. But they'll try my boy for murder.

MARY. They can't. They can't.

BURKE. What's the reason we can't?

MARY. (*turning to* BURKE) Because you can't convict him.

BURKE. Can't, eh? (*indicating body with revolver*) There's the body. (*showing the revolver*) The gun was found on him. And you'll swear he killed him?

MARY. (*as she rises*) Quite true. (*stepping forward to* BURKE) But that man was a burglar, and he shot him in defence of his home. (MARY *starts to sink.* DICK *steps down to her quickly and they are in each other's arms as the curtain falls*)

CURTAIN

ACT IV

TIME:—*The next morning.*

SCENE:—*Office of* INSPECTOR BURKE. *The interior part of the set runs back to two. There is a door left which leads to the hall leading to the stand. At right a door leading into the interior of the building. At right center is a flat top desk set so that* INSPECTOR BURKE *who sits at it, faces the audience and there is just passage-way between his chair and the windows back of it. At each side of the desk is an office chair each placed so that there is walking space between them and the desk. There is an office chair down left, below door left. At the back of the office are four large windows with practical shades. Through the windows can be seen four cells. There is a passage-way between the cells and the windows. At the opening of the act the shades are up and the doors of the cells are open except the one at the extreme left which is closed.*

LIGHTS:—*The office is well lighted with white foots and white first border. There is no light behind the windows.*

AT RISE:—BURKE *is in dress uniform, standing back of his desk.* WILLIAMS *is standing above door right which is open.* CHICAGO RED *is at lower right corner of desk and facing* BURKE. DACEY *is at left side of desk facing* BURKE. *Door is closed.*

BURKE. Come across now Red.

RED. I don't know nothin'. Ain't I been tellin' you that for over an hour? (*as* BURKE *turns and looks to* DACEY, RED *takes stage right*)

BURKE. (*taking hold of* DACEY'S *coat lapels, pushes him around to the front of the desk, and, as he comes to a standstill at the lower left corner of the desk gives* DACEY *a final push and lets go of him*) Dacey, how long you been out?

DACEY. (*facing* BURKE) 'Bout a week.

BURKE. Want to go back for another stretch?

DACEY. God, no.

BURKE. Who shot Griggs?

DACEY. (*as he advances to* BURKE) I don't know honest I don't. (BURKE *suddenly hits* DACEY *alongside the jaw and* DACEY *goes to the floor.* DACEY *scrambles to his feet and backs away from* BURKE *as far as the door right*)

BURKE. (*as* DACEY *goes down*) Now get up and talk.

CASSIDY. (*entering door left and closing it after him and standing at the door*) The District Attorney's here.

BURKE. (*with his eyes on* DACEY) Oh, he is eh Well, send him in. (CASSIDY *exits door left, closing it after him*)

BURKE. (*as he goes up to his chair back of desk*) I'll attend to you two later. Williams, take 'em back - (RED *and* DACEY *exit right,* WILLIAMS *about to follow*) And, Williams!

WILLIAMS. (*stopping and turning to* BURKE) Yes, sir.

BURKE. Don't be rough with them. (WILLIAMS *exits and* BURKE *sits*) Dan! (DAN *enters right*) Just pull down those shades will you please? (DAN *crosses first to the far shades and pulls them all down*

and exits right. DEMAREST *enters left*) Thanks for coming so soon.

DEMAREST. (*as he crosses brings chair left of desk close to the desk and sits facing* BURKE) I came as soon as I got your message. I've sent for Mr. Gilder——

BURKE. Yes, he 'phoned me he was on his way.

DEMAREST (*taking cigar from his pocket and lighting it*) Now then Burke, let me have it quickly.

BURKE. Well, Joe Garson, Chicago Red, Tom Dacey and Eddie Griggs broke into Edward Gilder's house last night. I knew it was coming off and planted Cassidy and a couple of men just outside the room, and went away, coming back in about an hour to make the arrests myself. When I broke into the room I found young Gilder and the Turner woman talking together.

DEMAREST. No trace of the others?

BURKE. I found Griggs lying dead on the floor. The Turner girl says young Gilder shot Griggs because he broke into the house.

DEMAREST. What does the boy say?

BURKE. Nothin'— (*pause*) She told him not to talk.

DEMAREST. What does she say?

BURKE. Refuses to talk until she sees a lawyer.

DEMAREST. Anything else?

BURKE. We've got Chicago Red and Dacey. And we'll have Garson before the day is over. Oh yes, they've just picked up a young girl at the Turner woman's flat. I don't know who she is but I'm going to talk to her in a minute.

DEMAREST. What else have you got?

BURKE. Well for once luck's with the police. We've got a real clue. Never saw a gun like that

before, did you? (*takes revolver with silencer out from under newspaper at right end of desk and hands it to* DEMAREST)

DEMAREST. (*as he takes revolver and examines it*) No, not exactly like that.

BURKE. I'll bet you didn't. That thing on the end is a Maxim Silencer There are thousands of them in use on rifles but—

DEMAREST. (*as he hands revolver to* BURKE) But what?

BURKE. But they've never been able to use one on a revolver before. That's a specially made gun, that's absolutely noiseless. (*puts revolver in his pocket*) It'll be the easiest thing in the world to trace it. (CASSIDY *enters at door left, closes it after him and comes a few steps into the room*) Well, Cassidy, did you get anything? (DEMAREST *turns in his chair so that he can see* CASSIDY)

CASSIDY. Yes, I had the factory at Hartford on the 'phone and they gave me Mr. Maxim.

BURKE. Good! Now we're getting to it. Well, what did he say?

CASSIDY. He said it was a specially constructed gun made for the use of Henry Sylvester, one of the professors at Yale. They've never been put on the market and never will be.

BURKE. Get hold of this man Sylvester.

CASSIDY. I just had him on the 'phone. He says his house was robbed about eight weeks ago and the silencer was stolen among other things. He adds the startling information that the New Haven police have not been able to recover any of his property— (*as he crosses to door right*) Gee, them rube cops are immense.

DEMAREST. (*on his first move,* CASSIDY *stops at door right. With a laugh*) The New York Police always recovers stolen property.

CASSIDY. (*as he exits hurriedly at door right*) Good night.

DEMAREST. (to BURKE) Is there any chance that young Gilder did shoot Griggs?

BURKE. You can search me. My men who were just outside the door of that room didn't hear a sound. Of course I know that all the gang were in the house.

DEMAREST. How do you know? Did you see them go in?

BURKE. No. But Griggs said—

DEMAREST. Griggs is dead. Burke, you're up against it, you can't prove that Garson or Chicago Red or Dacey ever entered that house.

BURKE. But Griggs said they were going to—

DEMAREST. I know, but Griggs is dead. (*pause as* BURKE *turns away*) You can't repeat what he told you. It isn't evidence.

BURKE. Then I'll charge young Gilder with that murder and call the Turner woman as a witness.

DEMAREST. You can't call her; you can't make a wife testify against her husband. And you can't arrest her and put him on the witness stand. Burke, your only chance of getting the murderer of Griggs is by a confession. (DEMAREST *rises but still faces* BURKE)

BURKE. (*as he rises, facing* DEMAREST) Then I'll charge 'em both with that murder and by God they'll both go to trial unless someone comes through. If it's my last act on earth, I'm going to land the man who shot Eddie Griggs.

DEMAREST. Burke, I don't believe for a minute that young Gilder killed this pet stool of yours and understand I want him to go free.

BURKE. He'll go free when he tells me what he knows, and not before. (*pause as* BURKE *turns away from* DEMAREST *and prepares to sit*) Perhaps the old gentleman can make him talk. I can't. (*sits*) On account of his being his father's son, when it comes to young Gilder, I'm a little cramped in my style.

DEMAREST. Then you think that young Gilder knows—

BURKE. I don't think anything—yet. I know that Eddie Griggs, the most valuable crook that ever worked for me has been murdered. And someone—man or woman, has got to pay for it.

DEMAREST. Woman?

BURKE. Mary Turner.

DEMAREST. (*as he takes stage left*) But she's not that sort! (*turns to* BURKE.)

BURKE. Oh! She ain't? She's made a monkey out of the police department: and first, last and all the time, I'm a copper. Now, if you'll wait for Mr. Gilder, in the room outside, I'll get busy with the girl they've just brought in. (BURKE *presses buzzer button on the right end of his desk*)

DEMAREST. Very well. (*as he crosses to door left*) I'll wait for him. (*exits door left, closing it after him*)

(BURKE *turns around so that he is facing door right. Door opens right and* DAN *enters and stands above door.* AGGIE *follows. She is beautifully dressed and uses her best and most lady-like manner. She is making the bluff of her young life and pretends to be very indignant. She comes slowly in-*

side the door and crosses to the back of the chair which is right of BURKE'S *desk*)

BURKE. (*after* AGGIE *gets back of chair.*) (*Very bluff*) Now then my girl, I want to know—

AGNES. (*blazing with wrath*) How dare you?

BURKE. What?

AGNES. What do you mean by this outrage? I demand my instant release.

BURKE. Wait a minute—wait a minute. Sit down. (*motions to chair right of desk*)

AGNES. I shall do nothing of the kind. I have been arrested, and by a common policeman!

BURKE. Excuse me—a detective sergeant.

AGNES. You wait—just wait till my papa hears of this.

BURKE. (*puzzled*) Who is your papa?

AGNES. I shan't tell you. You'd probably give my name to the reporters and if it ever got into the newspapers, my family would die of shame.

BURKE. Now the easiest way out for both of us is for you to tell me just who you are. You see you were found in the house of a notorious crook.

AGNES. How perfectly absurd. I was calling on Miss Mary Turner!

BURKE. (*quick and sharp*) How'd you meet her?

AGNES. I was introduced by Mr. Richard Gilder. He's the son of the owner of the Emporium.

BURKE. I know all about him.

AGNES. Then you must see at once that you are entirely mistaken in this whole matter. (*a pause as* AGNES *crosses to* BURKE *and leaning a little toward him*) Don't you see it?

BURKE. Well, no, not exactly.

AGNES. (*as she turns sharply away and crosses down between the chair and the desk to the front of the chair, looking front*) Sir!

BURKE. Not yet! Not yet! The fact is, even if you were introduced by Mr. Gilder, Mary Turner is an ex-convict who has just been arrested for (*pause*) murder.

AGNES. (*shows start of surprise on her face then with a smile as she turns to* BURKE) Murder?

BURKE. Yes, and if there's a mistake about you, we don't want it to go any further; that's one of the reasons I must know who you are. You see that don't you?

AGNES. Oh yes. You should have told me that in the first place. (*with an air*) My name is Helen —Travers—West. (*sits in chair*)

BURKE. (*in surprise*) Not the daughter of the railway president?

AGNES. Yes. (*as she turns in her chair*) Oh, please don't tell anyone. Surely you must see now why it musn't be known that I have been brought to this dreadful place. Please let me go home. (*turns front and starts to sob*)

BURKE. That's all right little lady. Don't you be worried. Just tell me all you know about this Turner woman—did you see her yesterday?

AGNES. (*as she turns to* BURKE) Will you let me go home as soon as I've told you what little I know?

BURKE. Yes, no one's goin' to hurt you.

AGNES. (*turns front*) Well, you see—it was this way—Mr. Gilder was calling on me one afternoon, and he said he knew a charming young woman, who—who——(*apparently breaks down and takes out handkerchief and starts wiping her eyes*) Oh, this is dreadful.

BURKE. (*soothingly*) That's all right, little lady —that's all right—no one's goin' to hurt you!

AGNES. (*through her tears*) Oh dear! Oh dear!

BURKE. Isn't there something else you can tell me about this woman?

AGNES. I'm so frightened.

BURKE. Now there's nothing for you to be frightened about.

AGNES I'm afraid you'll put me in a c-c-cell.

BURKE. No one could think of a cell and you, at the same time.

AGNES. (*as she dries her tears and turns and gives* BURKE *a smile*) Oh, thank you, sir.

BURKE. (*as he leans forward in his chair*) Are you sure you've told me all you know about this woman?

AGNES. (*turning to* BURKE) Oh, yes, I've only seen her two or three times. Oh, please won't you let me go home—commissioner?

BURKE. (*shows he is flattered by swelling up and leaning way back in his chair—graciously*) If I let you go now will you promise to let me know if you can think of anything else about this woman?

AGNES. (*as she rises and pushes the chair close to the desk*) I will, indeed I will.

BURKE. Now you see, no one's hurt you. You can run right home to your mother.

AGNES. (*as she crosses quickly toward door left*) I'll go just as fast as I can. (*stops and turns to* BURKE *on his first word*)

BURKE. Give my compliments to your father, and tell him I'm sorry I frightened you.

AGNES. I will, commissioner. (*starts toward* BURKE) Father will be so grateful to you— (AGNES *is just below chair left of desk and has just put out*

her hand and BURKE *is about to shake hands as* CASSIDY *enters*)

CASSIDY. (*entering door right and as he steps in and drops a little below door closing the door after him*) Hello, Aggie.

AGNES. (AGNES *stops short, gives* CASSIDY *a look then* BURKE *a look then as she sits in chair with her back front*) Ain't that the damndest luck? (*watches* BURKE *out of the corner of her eye*)

BURKE. (BURKE *gives* CASSIDY *a quick look, then while watching* AGNES, *slowly rises and crosses to* CASSIDY. *To* CASSIDY) Do you know this girl?

CASSIDY. Sure. She's little Aggie Lynch—con woman from Buffalo—two years for blackmail.

BURKE. (*as he puts his hand to his chair*) Oh! (*he then crosses the stage to left of* AGNES, *watching her all the time, then with a laugh*) I certainly got to hand it to you, kid—you're a beaut.

AGNES. (*to* CASSIDY) Just as I had him goin' too.

BURKE. Have we a picture of this young woman?

CASSIDY. (*as he crosses to lower right corner of desk*) Not in our gallery.

BURKE. (*in society manner*) I'd dearly love to have a photograph of you, Miss Helen—Travers—West.

CASSIDY. Helen—Travers—West?

BURKE. That's what she pulled!

CASSIDY. No?

BURKE. Had me winging, too. (CASSIDY *laughs*) Oh, I admit it. (*to* AGNES) You're immense, little one, immense. (*in society manner as he takes the stage down left*) When may I have the pleasure of escorting you to our gallery?

AGNES. (*rising and crossing to* BURKE *and in* AGGIE'S *natural way*) Oh can that stuff. Let's you and me get down to cases.

BURKE. Now you're talkin'.

AGNES. You can't do anything to me. Why I'll be sprung inside an hour. Why, habeas corpus is my lawyer's middle name.

BURKE. On the level now, when did you see Mary Turner last?

AGNES. (*with an air of perfect truth*) Early this morning. We slept together last night because I had the willies—she blew the joint about half-past eight.

BURKE. Now what's the good of you lyin' to me?

AGNES. What, me? Oh, I wouldn't do a thing like that. On the level, what'd be the use, I couldn't fool you. (BURKE *puts his right hand to his jaw as if he had been hit as he takes the stage a little to left.* AGNES *follows him*) So help me Inspector, Mary never left the house all night. I'd swear that's the truth on a pile of bibles a mile high.

BURKE. Have to be higher than that. She was arrested just after midnight—(*sharply*) Young woman you better tell all you know.

AGNES. (*as she faces front*) I don't know a thing.

BURKE. (*as he quickly produces revolver from his pocket, leans forward and holds it in front of* AGNES —*sharply*) How long has she owned this gun?

AGNES. (*glancing at revolver*) She didn't own it.

BURKE. Then it's Garson's, eh?

AGNES. I don't know whose it is. I never laid eyes on it till now.

BURKE. English Eddie was killed with this last night. Now, who did it? Come on, now, who did it?

AGNES. How should I know? Say, what do you think I am, a mind-reader?

BURKE. (*straightening up and dropping revolver to his side. Quietly*) You'd better come through and if you're the wise kid I think you are, you will.

AGNES. I tell you I don't know anything. (*about to cry*) Say, what are you trying to hand me anyway?

BURKE. (*as he puts revolver back in his pocket and in a quiet coaxing tone*) Now, it won't do I tell you. I'm wise. Now listen to me—you tell me what you know and I'll see that you make a clean get-away and slip you a nice little piece of money, too.

AGNES. (*turning to* BURKE) Say, let me get this straight.

BURKE. Sure.

AGNES. If I tell you what I know about Mary Turner and Joe Garson, I get away?

BURKE. Clean.

AGNES. And you'll slip me some money, too?

BURKE. That's it! Now what do you say?

AGNES. I say, you're a great big stiff.

BURKE. What?

AGNES. What do you think I am? (*as she crosses to lower left corner of desk. To* CASSIDY) Say, take me out and lock me up. I'd rather be in the cooler than here with him.

BURKE. (*threateningly*) You'll tell or you'll go up the River for a stretch.

AGNES. (*to* BURKE) I don't know anything and if I did I wouldn't tell in a million years. Now then, send me up if you can.

BURKE. (*to* CASSIDY. *Hard and sharp*) Take her away. (CASSIDY *goes up to door right, throws it open and stands above it*)

AGNES. (*as she crosses to right lower corner of desk*) Do, Cassidy, and do it in a hurry. Bein' in the room with him makes me sick. (*a start toward door right, stops and turns to* BURKE) Thought I'd squeal, did yer? Yes I would, (*as she crosses to door right*) like hell! (*exits door right followed by* CASSIDY *who closes door*)

(BURKE *appears nonplussed. Kisses his hand and blows it after* AGNES, *then crosses to his desk and sits and puts revolver under newspaper at right end of desk. As he sits* GILDER *and* DEMAREST *enter left*)

BURKE. How do you do, Mr. Gilder? (*presses call buzzer on his desk*)

GILDER. (*as he crosses in front of* BURKE'S *desk turns chair at the right of it and sits placing his hat on the desk, and* DEMAREST *stands left of* BURKE'S *desk*) Inspector— (DAN *enters left*)

BURKE. Dan, have Mr. Gilder's son brought up. (DAN *exits right closing door. To* GILDER) Bad business, sir—very bad business.

GILDER. What does he say?

BURKE. Nothing. That's why I sent for you. Mr. Demarest has made the situation plain?

GILDER. Perfectly. It's a terrible position for my boy. You'll release him at once, won't you?

BURKE. I can't. You oughtn't to expect it.

GILDER. But you know very well he didn't—

BURKE. I don't know anything about it—yet.

GILDER. Inspector, you don't mean—

BURKE. I mean we've got to make him talk.

(DAN *enters door right and stands above door. The sound of the door opening causes* GILDER *to turn and rise*) That's what I want you to do for all our sakes.

(DICK *enters door right.* DAN *exits door right, closing door after him.*)

GILDER. Dick, my boy—(*crossing to* DICK *and putting his right hand on* DICK'S *left shoulder, and taking* DICK'S *left hand in his left hand and leads* DICK *down stage*) The inspector tells me you have refused to answer his questions. (DICK *is looking straight ahead of him and nods*)

GILDER. That wasn't wise under the circumstances. However, Demarest and I are here now to protect your interests and you can talk freely.

BURKE. He's got to talk freely.

GILDER. Now, who killed that man? We must know. Tell me!

BURKE. (*as he half rises*) Where did you get—

DEMAREST. (*interrupting him*) Wait, please wait. (*as he crosses to* DICK *and* GILDER *steps back, he comes down to* DICK'S *right*) Give the boy a chance. (*as he places his hand on* DICK'S *shoulder*) Dick, I don't want to frighten you, but your position is really a dangerous one. Your only chance is to speak with perfect frankness. I pledge you my word I am speaking the truth. Dick, let me forget that I'm the District Attorney and remember only that I'm an old friend of yours and your father's who is trying very hard to help you. Surely you can trust me? (*hand off shoulder*) Tell me—who shot Griggs?

DICK. (*after a pause*) I did.

DEMAREST. Why?

DICK. Because I thought he was a burglar.

DEMAREST. Oh, I see. Now, let's go back a little. Burke says you told him last night that you had persuaded your wife to come over to the house and join you. Is that true?

DICK. Yes.

DEMAREST. And while you were talking—tell me, Dick, just what did happen? (*a pause, as* DICK *does not answer*) Did this burglar come into the room?

DICK. Yes.

DEMAREST. And he attacked you?

DICK. Yes!

DEMAREST. And there was a struggle?

DICK. Yes.

DEMAREST. And you shot him?

DICK. Yes.

DEMAREST. (*very quietly*) Then where did you get the revolver?

DICK. (*as he turns to* DEMAREST) Why, I grabbed—(*suddenly realizing that he was about to tell the truth*) So you're trying to trap me, too? (*as he crosses to left center and stands facing left*) You and your talk of friendship——

DEMAREST. (*crossing up to right corner of desk*) I am your friend.

BURKE. (*rising*) Yes and you don't want to take us for fools either. If you shot Griggs in mistake for a burglar why did you try to hide the fact? Why did you pretend that you and your wife were alone in the room? Why didn't you call for help—for the police as any honest man would under the circumstances?

GILDER. (*crossing to chair right of desk*) We are trying to save you.

BURKE. (*as he gets revolver and holds it out toward* DICK) Where did you get this gun?

DICK. (*crosses to desk and throws chair left of it up out of his way and looks squarely into* BURKE'S *face*) I won't talk any more until I've seen my wife. I want to know what you've done to her.

BURKE. Did she kill Griggs?

DICK. No, no!

BURKE. Then who did? Who did?

DICK. I won't speak again until I've seen a lawyer I can trust.

GILDER. Dick, if you know who killed this man you must speak to protect yourself.

BURKE. The gun was found in your pocket. Don't forget that.

GILDER. You don't seem to realize the position you are in—nor the position I am in. (*pleadingly*) If you won't speak for your own sake, do it for mine.

DICK. I'm sorry dad, but I can't. (*a look of despair between* GILDER *and* DEMAREST)

BURKE. (*with sudden change to his quiet manner and putting revolver under newspaper again*) I'm going to give him time to think things over. (*sits*) Perhaps he'll understand the importance of what we've been saying. Now young man you want to do a lot of quick thinking and honest thinking—(*presses call buzzer*)—and when you get ready to tell me the truth let me know. (DAN *enters right, leaves the door open and stands above the door*) Dan, have one of the other men take him back. You wait outside.

DICK. I want to know about my wife. Where is she?

BURKE. (*to* DAN) He's not to speak to anyone. (*to* DICK) You'll know all about your wife, young man, when you've made up your mind to tell me the truth. (DICK *gives* BURKE *a look of defiance then crosses in front of desk and is going to go right on out between the chairs and* GILDER *when* GILDER *speaks*)

GILDER. (*as* DICK *is about to pass him*) Dick!

DICK. I'm sorry dad. (DICK *then goes up to door right and exits followed by* DAN *who closes the door*)

BURKE. (*who has been watching* DICK, *speaks at the closing of the door*) Well, you see what we're up against. I can't let him go.

GILDER. (*as he picks up his hat from the desk and crosses to left center*) He's thinking of that woman—he's trying to shield her.

BURKE. He's a loyal kid, I'll say that much for him. (*as he presses call buzzer*) And now I'll show you the difference. (DAN *enters right leaving door open*) Dan, have that Turner woman brought up. (DAN *exits and closes door*) I'll have to try a different game with her. She's a clever little dame.

GILDER. (*crossing to* BURKE'S *desk*) Do you think she could have done it?

BURKE. If she didn't she knows who did. Someone has got to pay for killing Griggs. I don't have to explain to Mr. Demarest. (DEMAREST *slowly walks around back of* BURKE'S *chair and over to window at up left center*) But Mr. Gilder, the very foundation of the work done by this department rests on the use of crooks who are willing to betray their pals for coin. If the murderer of Griggs goes unpunished, it will put the fear of God into the hearts of every stool pigeon we employ.

GILDER. I see.

BURKE. If we'd only caught Garson it wouldn't be such hard sleddin'. (GILDER *up to the left of* DEMAREST. BURKE *rises and going up to the left of extreme right window, raises shade and calls*) Williams!

WILLIAMS. (*off stage right*) Yes sir.

BURKE. Bring your note book and pencil. (*pause*) And hurry up. (WILLIAMS *enters from*

right back of window with note book and pencil Now I want you to take down everything that's said in here, until I give you the notice to stop. Understand?

WILLIAMS. Yes sir.

BURKE. (*as he pulls down shade*) Now don't make any mistake. (WILLIAMS *gets chair and sits back of shade. As* BURKE *crosses down below desk and to the back of the chair left and faces the door right*) Now this time, I'll do the talking. No matter what you hear me say don't be surprised. Remember when you deal with crooks you have to use crooked ways.

(*Enter* DAN *at right, step above the door and* MARY *follows dressed as in* ACT III. *She pauses in doorway a moment then slowly crosses down to lower right corner of desk. As soon as she passes* DAN *he exits and closes the door after him*)

BURKE. (*as* MARY *comes to a stand-still*) I just sent for you to tell you that you're free.

MARY. Then I can go?

BURKE. (*as he goes up to* GILDER *and* DEMAREST *and stands facing up stage*) Sure you can go.

(MARY *looks at them a moment, then looks back of her, then at* BURKE *and then starts toward door left slowly—then makes up her mind to go and starts quickly toward door left. Just as she is about back of chair left,* BURKE *crosses to the lower end of his desk quickly, and as he watches* MARY, *speaks*)

BURKE. Garson has confessed.

MARY. (*stops short and answers quickly*) Oh no, he hasn't.

BURKE. What's the reason he hasn't?

MARY. (*turning to* BURKE) Because he didn't do it.

BURKE. Well, he says that he did.

MARY. But how could he when he went to——

BURKE. (*eagerly*) Where did he go?

MARY. (*as she comes down to back of chair at left*) You ought to know that if you've arrested him.

BURKE. (*quietly*) Who shot Griggs?

MARY. My husband shot a burglar—was his name Griggs?

BURKE. Oh, we know better than that. You see, we've traced that Maxim Silencer. Garson bought it himself at Hartford.

MARY. (*interrupting him, and nearly trapped*) But he told me—

BURKE. (*eagerly*) What did he tell you?

MARY. (*recovering herself*) He told me that he'd never seen one. We were talking about one the other day. Surely if he had anything of the sort he'd have shown it to me then.

BURKE. (*coaxingly*) Now see here, I can make it a lot easier for you if you'll talk. Come on now, who shot Griggs?

MARY. That's for you to find out. (BURKE *shows he's mad; crosses up to his desk as he calls*)

BURKE. Dan—(DAN *enters right—leaves door open and stands above door. As* BURKE *sits at his desk looking straight front*) Take her back.

MARY. (*pause—as* MARY *crosses right and just as she gets to right corner of the desk she stops and turns to* BURKE) I suppose it's no use for me to stand on my constitutional rights and demand to see a lawyer?

BURKE. You guessed it right the first time.

MARY. That is my constitutional right, isn't it Mr. Demarest?

DEMAREST. It is.

MARY. Well, Inspector?

BURKE. The Constitution don't go here. (*a look between* DEMAREST *and* GILDER. MARY *turns and starts for door right*)

CASSIDY. (*entering in a hurry, door left*) Say Chief, we've got Garson. (MARY *turns quickly and stands at door right, leaning against the jam*)

BURKE. (*rising*) Fine.

CASSIDY. (*as he crosses quickly to* BURKE) And here's a letter that's just been delivered at that woman's flat. (*hands letter to* BURKE *and returns to door left and stands above it. There is a pause as* BURKE *opens letter—reads it, then gives* MARY *a look, and turns to* CASSIDY)

BURKE. Cassidy you go stay with Garson. I'll send for him when I want him.

CASSIDY. (*as he exits left closing door after him*) Yes, sir.

BURKE. Mr. Demarest, I'll have to ask you to take Mr. Gilder outside for a little while. I'll send word later. (*indicating letter*) I'm going to get action on this right now. (MARY *starts to exit*) Don't go, young woman, I want you.

GILDER. (*crossing to* BURKE) But Inspector—

DEMAREST. Better let Burke have his way, Mr. Gilder. (GILDER *crosses to door left and exits and* DEMEREST *follows as he speaks*) I'll expect a report from you Inspector.

BURKE. You'll get it all right. (DEMAREST *exits left closing door after him*) That's all, Dan. (DAN *exits right closing door after him*) Sit down. (MARY *crosses to chair right of* BURKE'S *desk and sits facing directly front,* BURKE *sits at the same time as* MARY)

I want to talk to you. (*on the right end of* BURKE'S *desk is a paper weight with a looking glass back and during the following scene she fixes her hair in it and also exposes the looking glass side to the audience*)

BURKE. Now I'm going to be your friend.

MARY. Are you?

BURKE. Yes. Give up the truth about young Gilder. I know he shot Griggs but I'm not taking any stock in that burglar story and no court would either. What was back of the killing? Was he jealous of Griggs? He was always a worthless young cub—a rotten trick like this would be just about his gait. Why did he shoot Eddie Griggs?

MARY. (*with an outburst of feeling*) He didn't kill him—he didn't kill him. He's the most wonderful man in the world. I'll fight you today and tomorrow and to the end of my life for Dick Gilder.

BURKE. That's just what I thought. Who did shoot Griggs? We've got everyone of that gang! They're all crooks. Why don't you start afresh—I'll give you every chance in the world. I'm on the dead level with you this time.

MARY. (*scornfully*) Hah. (*picks up paperweight and during the following speech exposes the looking glass side to audience*)

BURKE. Oh, I'll prove it. (*picks up letter from desk*) Here's a letter that came for you. (MARY *reaches for letter*—BURKE *draws it away*) No, I'll read it. (*he reads*) "I can't go away without tellin' you how sorry I am. There won't never be a time I won't remember that it was me that got you sent up; that you done time in my place. I don't know how you could have gave me all that money after I told you what I done. Please don't hate me. I ain't goin' to forgive myself ever. And I swear I'm goin' straight always. Your true friend—Helen Morris."

(*pause.* BURKE *looks at* MARY) You knew this?

MARY. Two days ago.

BURKE. (*eagerly*) Did you tell old Gilder?

MARY. What would be the use? I had no proof—no one would believe me.

BURKE. (*holding out letter*) They'd believe this. This letter sets you square. Why this wipes out everything. If old Gilder saw this letter there's nothing he wouldn't do to make amends. (*there is a pause as* MARY *fixes her hair in the paper weight*) Say, I'll tell you what I'll do. (MARY *is all attention*) You tell me who shot Griggs and I'll see that old Gilder gets the letter. (MARY *returns to fixing hair*) Now listen, I give you my word of honor. (BURKE, *while continuing speech, leans back in his chair pulls the shade aside to look for* WILLIAMS *and* MARY *gets the reflection of what he is doing in the paper weight*) That anything you say in here is just between you and me. Just tip me off to the truth and I'll get the evidence in my own way. There's nobody here but just you and me.

MARY. (*laying down paper weight and in a low tone after a quick glance around the office*) Are you sure no one will ever know?

BURKE. No one but you and me.

MARY. (*with a laugh* MARY *rises quickly, crosses up to right side of shade on extreme right window, pulls it up disclosing* WILLIAMS, *who quickly picks up his chair and exits right.* MARY *then crosses down to* BURKE) Did you get it all?

WILLIAMS. (*from back of shade*) No ma'am, not quite.

BURKE, (*looking straight ahead*) Oh hell!

MARY. Right on the level with me aren't you, Burke?

BURKE. Dan! (DAN *enters right; stands above door leaving it open*) Take her back. (MARY *turns and exits right followed by* DAN *who closes door*)

BURKE. (BURKE *sits a moment then gets a new idea*) Cassidy! (*rises, crosses to* CASSIDY, *as he enters from left, closing door after him and crosses to left center, eagerly*) Does Garson know that we've arrested the Turner woman and young Gilder?

CASSIDY. No, sir.

BURKE. Or that we've got Chicago Red or Dacey here?

CASSIDY. No. He hasn't been spoken to since we made the collar. He seems worried.

BURKE. Well he'll be more worried before I get through with him. Remember the third degree Inspector Rymes worked on McGloin? (CASSIDY *nods*) That's what I'm going to do to Garson.

CASSIDY. Great!

BURKE. He's got imagination, that crook. The things he don't know are the things he's afraid of. After he gets in here. I want you to take his pals one after the other and lock them up there. (*indicating the cells back of windows*) Then when you get the buzzer from me, have Young Gilder and the Turner woman sent in. The last time you get the buzzer come in yourself and tell me that the gang has squealed. I'll do the rest. Now don't bring in Garson till you get the signal.

CASSIDY. Yes, sir. (*crosses and exits left, closing door after him*)

BURKE. Dan! (DAN *enters right, leaving door open*) Just take those chairs out of here for a few minutes. (*as* BURKE *goes up and pulls up the shade at extreme left,* DAN *crosses the stage to chair down left and is about to pick it up*) No don't touch that one. (DAN *then picks up chair each side of*

desk and exits left closing door after him as BURKE *pulls up the remaining shades.* BURKE *then starts humming "Every little movement has a meaning all its own," looks around the office, crosses down to chair down left takes it by the back turns it so that a person sitting in it is half facing desk and half facing the cells. He then walks around the chair, sits in it looks around the office then rises and quickly crosses to his desk and sits. He then opens the right-hand top drawer of desk, takes out cigar, bites the end off, lights it, then stops humming. Picking up a pad of paper from left end of the desk puts it on top of the ledger in front of him, picks up the special quill pen, gives a glance at the door left as he presses the buzzer on his desk and starts to write. There is a pause and only the scratching of the pen is heard*)

CASSIDY. (*enters door left and steps above it*) Here's Garson, chief. (GARSON *follows* CASSIDY *and crosses to left center*)

BURKE. (*without looking up*) Hello, Joe.

GARSON. Hello. (*turns and looks at* CASSIDY. CASSIDY *then exits left closing the door after him and passes around to left entrance of passage back of the windows then crosses to the right side of the stage*)

BURKE. (*very quiet and affable*) Sit down a minute, won't you?

GARSON. (*after a quick look around the office crosses over to* BURKE'S *desk.* BURKE *goes on with his writing*) Say, what am I arrested for? I haven't done anything.

BURKE. (*carelessly*) Who told you, you were arrested?

GARSON. I don't have to be told; but when a cop grabs me and brings me down here, I've got sense enough to know I'm pinched.

BURKE. (*without looking up*) Is that what they did to you Joe? I'll have to speak to Cassidy about that. (BURKE *reaches over and presses dead buzz button on his desk*) Sit down, won't you Joe? I just want to talk to you. I'll be through here in a second.

GARSON. (*there is a silence as* GARSON *looks around the office then to* BURKE) Say, I'd like to send for a lawyer.

BURKE. (*as if calming a nervous child*) What's the matter with you Joe? There's no use your hollerin' till you're hurt. You know you're not arrested—maybe you never will be. Now for the love of Mike keep still and let me finish this letter. (BURKE *goes on with his writing.* GARSON *looks a moment at* BURKE *then makes up his mind to do as* BURKE *says and crosses to chair down left and sits in chair facing cells and* BURKE. *As he is seated* CASSIDY *enters from right end of passage back of windows with* DACEY *on his right and marches to third cell from right, motions to* DACEY *to go in, closes the door, locks it from a bunch of keys he carries and then turns and exits right end of passage. At their first appearance* GARSON *gets a start then watches the whole business intently until* CASSIDY'S *exit then turning to* BURKE)

GARSON. Say, Inspector, if you've got any charge against me, I'd like to know what it is?

BURKE. (*assuming a puzzled manner*) What's the matter with you Joe? I told you I wanted to ask you a few questions, that's all. (GARSON *half rises*) Now, sit down (GARSON *sits*) —and keep still and let me get through with this job.

GARSON. Say, Inspector— (*he stops suddenly and leans forward in his chair as* CASSIDY *enters.* CASSIDY *does same business as before, this time with* CHICAGO RED *and puts him into the next cell to the right*)

GARSON. (*showing more nervousness at* CASSIDY'S *exit, rises and crossing rapidly to desk as he speaks*) Say, Inspector if you have anything against me why—

BURKE. (*sharply*) Who said there was? (*quietly*) What's the matter with you today Joe? You seem nervous.

GARSON. (*stepping back from the desk. Eagerly*) No, I ain't nervous. Why? What made you think that? This ain't exactly what I'd pick out as a pleasant place to spend the morning. (*pause then* GARSON *crosses to left side of desk and leans over it*) Could I ask you a question?

BURKE. (*sharply*) What is it?

GARSON. I was going to say if —

BURKE. (*sharply*) If, what?

GARSON. I was goin' to say—that is—well, if it's anything about Mary Turner— (BURKE *without another move stops writing*) I don't know a thing. (*as he turns from* BURKE) Not a thing.

BURKE. (*resumes writing*) What made you think I wanted to know anything about her? (*presses dead buzzer*)

GARSON. (*hastily*) I don't know, you were up to her house. (*crosses to* BURKE'S *desk and leans over it to* BURKE) Don't you see? (CASSIDY *brings in another man,* GARSON *sees the business over* BURKE'S *shoulder,* CASSIDY *after locking door crosses left and exits.* GARSON *watches him as long as he can without moving his body then turns and as he backs up stage gives* BURKE *a quick look, then*

crosses to chair down left and sits with his back to cells)

GARSON. (*as he sits*) God!

BURKE. (*quietly*) I did want to see her, that's a fact, but she wasn't at her flat. I guess she must have taken my advice and skipped out. Clever girl that, Joe.

GARSON. Yes. I was thinkin' of goin' west myself.

BURKE. Were you? (*he quietly lays down his pen, takes revolver in his right hand from under newspaper, folds his arms so that revolver is under his left arm, turns in his chair so that he is facing* GARSON *and leans toward him then speaks quietly*) Why did you kill Eddie Griggs?

GARSON. (*pause then quietly through a nervous laugh*) I didn't kill him. (*turning in his chair to face* BURKE) I didn't kill him.

BURKE. (*quietly but hard and sharp*) You did—you killed him last night with this— (*points revolver at* GARSON) Why, come on now, why?

GARSON. (*slowly rising with persistence*) I didn't, I tell you. (*slowly crossing to center during* BURKE'S *speech*)

BURKE. (*sharp and quick and louder*) You did I tell you—you did.

GARSON. (*as he rushes over to* BURKE *and stares him straight in the eye and as* BURKE *has not moved the revolver is against* GARSON'S *chest. Strong*) I tell you I didn't. (*there is a pause without a move, then* BURKE *sees his trick has failed, with his eye on* GARSON *drops the revolver back on the right end of desk and sits in his chair and speaks quietly*)

BURKE. Well, I didn't think you did. (*picks up his pen and starts writing again*) But I wasn't sure so I had to take a chance. (*turns quickly and looks*

at GARSON) You understand don't you? (BURKE *starts writing again*)

GARSON. (*straightening up and moving a little to left*) Yes, sure.

BURKE. (*lightly*) We've got the right party all safe enough.

GARSON. (*a quick look at* BURKE) You have?

BURKE. You can bet we have.

GARSON. (*as he starts toward door left*) If you don't want me— (*stops short at* BURKE'S *first word*)

BURKE. (*lightly*) What's that?

GARSON. (*as he starts again toward door left and just reaches door with his hand on the knob as* BURKE *speaks which makes him stop short again*) I say if you don't want me I'll get along.

BURKE. (*stops writing and lays cigar on ash tray—lightly*) What's your hurry? (BURKE *lays down pen presses dead buzzer and as he rises and crosses to left center, speaks casually*) Where did you say Mary Turner was last night?

GARSON. (*as he turns and with almost a scream*) I don't know where she was, I—(*realizes he has made a mistake and correcting himself and controlling his voice*) She was home. She never left the house last night.

BURKE. (*looking sharply at* GARSON *and crossing to him and speaking sharply*) Know anything about where young Gilder is?

GARSON. (*looking right at* BURKE *and with an air of truth*) Not a thing. (BURKE *watches* GARSON *closely. Door left opens.* DAN *enters, stands above it and* MARY *follows, sees* GARSON, *and a look passes between them and* MARY *quickly crosses toward* GARSON *below desk.* BURKE *turns, crosses down and meets* MARY *at lower left corner of desk, takes her right arm in his left hand places her at the*

upper left corner of desk; then, without taking his eyes off MARY, *steps up against the windows just midway between* MARY *and* GARSON. *As* MARY *comes to a standstill at the upper end of the desk*—DICK *enters and quickly crosses to down right center. As* DICK *is well on* CASSIDY *enters quickly door left and speaks sharply from just below door*)

CASSIDY. (*all give a start and look at* CASSIDY. BURKE *turns and watches* GARSON. *There is a pause then in a tone of apology*) Oh, I beg your pardon I didn't know you were busy. (*looks straight at* GARSON. GARSON *is looking at* CASSIDY *and feels* BURKE *watching him. He slowly turns and looks* BURKE *in the eye, then slowly draws himself up and throws his shoulders back defiantly*)

BURKE. (*after* GARSON'S *business and looking at* GARSON) Squealed, eh? (*pause as he turns and looks at* DICK) They tell the same story?

CASSIDY. Yes sir.

BURKE. (*looking at* CASSIDY) I was right then all the time?

CASSIDY. Sure.

BURKE. Good enough. (*turns quickly to* MARY *and speaking hard and rapidly*) Mary Turner, I want you for the murder of—

GARSON. (*as he springs to* BURKE) That's a damn lie. (*coming down center*) I did it.

MARY. (*crossing quickly to* GARSON'S *right*) NO, JOE, NO. Don't—talk—don't talk.

BURKE. (*as he crosses to his chair back of desk*) Joe has talked.

MARY. He did it to protect me.

BURKE. Dan! Send Williams here to take GARSON'S confession! (DAN *exits right and closes door*)

MARY. He's not going to confess.

BURKE. Oh yes, he is. (*perfunctorily*) You are all cautioned that anything you say will be used against you. (*as he sits*) Come, Joe. (*picks up cigar and starts smoking.* WILLIAMS *enters door right with note book and pencil, closes door and crosses to* BURKE'S *right and stands ready to take dictation.* CASSIDY *moves up above door left and stands*)

MARY. (*to* GARSON) Don't speak until we can get a lawyer for you.

BURKE. (*impatiently*) It's no use, my girl. I told you I'd get you. I'm going to try you and Garson and the whole gang for murder—everyone of you. Gilder, you'll go to the house of detention as a witness. Come on, Joe.

GARSON. (*pause as* GARSON *starts to cross to* BURKE, MARY *attempts to stop him and he in action tells her to leave it to him. He then crosses in front of* MARY *to* BURKE) If I come through, will you let them two go? (*indicating* MARY *and* DICK)

MARY. (*crossing up to* GARSON) We'll spend every dollar we can raise.

BURKE. (*impatiently*) Now, it's no use. He said he did it. Now that we're sure he's our man he hasn't got a chance in the world.

GARSON. Well, how about them? Do they go clear?

MARY. We'll get the best lawyers in the country. We'll save you, Joe, we'll save you.

GARSON. You can't. They've got it on me. My time's come Mary and I can save you a lot of trouble.

BURKE. He's right. We've got him cold. What's the use of dragging you two into it?

GARSON. They go clear? They ain't even called as witnesses?

BURKE. You're on. (*sits back in his chair smoking*)

GARSON. (*as he straightens up*) Then here goes.

MARY. (*backing away from* GARSON *and starting for chair down left.* DICK *crosses to* MARY *and helps her to chair*)

GARSON. There's no other way. (*after* DICK *passes him*) I'm going through with it. (MARY *watches by* GARSON. *Pause until* MARY *is seated in chair facing front with her head bowed and resting on the back of the chair and* DICK *standing above her with his hands on her shoulders.* WILLIAMS *takes the confession in shorthand notes in his note book*)

GARSON. (*facing front in mechanical tone*) My name's Joe Garson.

BURKE. Alias?

GARSON. (*to* BURKE) Alias nothin'. Garson's my monaker. (*to the front*) I shot English Eddie Griggs because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon and he got just what's comin' to him.

BURKE. Oh, we can't take a confession like that.

GARSON. (*to* BURKE, *doggedly*) Because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon. (*to* WILLIAMS) Have you got it? (WILLIAMS *nods—facing front*) I croaked him just as he was goin' to call the bulls with a police whistle. I used a gun with smokeless powder and a Maxim Silencer, so it didn't make any noise. (*to* BURKE) Say, I'll bet it's the first time a guy was ever croaked with one of them things—ain't it?

BURKE. That's right, Joe.

GARSON. (*to* BURKE—*proudly*) Some class to that, eh? (*facing front*) I got the gun and the Maxim thing from a fence in Boston. (*to* BURKE)

Say, them things cost sixty dollars and they're worth the money, too. They'll remember me as the first to spring one of them, won't they?

BURKE. They sure will, Joe.

GARSON. (*facing front*) Nobody knew I had it. (MARY *starts to speak. With meaning*) Nobody knew I had it. Nobody. And nobody had anything to do with the killin' but me—(MARY *again bows her head on the back of the chair*)

BURKE. Was there any bad feeling between you and Griggs?

GARSON. (*facing front*) He was a stool pigeon and I hated his guts—that all.

BURKE. Have you anything else to say?

GARSON. NO, NOTHIN'. I croaked him and I'm glad I done it. He was a skunk. And this is all true, so help me God.

BURKE. That's all, Williams. He'll sign it just as soon as you've transcribed the notes. (WILLIAMS *exits right closing door after him. To* MARY) Young woman, it's just like I told you, you can't beat the law. Garson thought he could and now—

GARSON. (*interrupting and crossing to* MARY) That's right Mary, you can't beat the law. And this same old law says "A frail must stick to her man." (MARY *doesn't answer*) It's the best thing to do. (*with real sincerity*) And say, you want to cut out that worryin' about me. I ain't worrin'. Why it's somethin' new I've pulled off. I'll bet there'll be a lot of stuff in the newspapers and my pictures in most of them. (*turns and crossing to* BURKE *eagerly*) Say, if the reporters want any pictures of me could I have some new ones taken—the one you've got of me in the gallery's over ten years old—I've took off my beard since then—could I have some new ones?

BURKE. Sure you can, Joe, I'll send you right up to the gallery now.

GARSON. (*to* BURKE) Immense. (*crosses down and gives* DICK'S *right shoulder a slap and* DICK *turns and offers his hand—as* GARSON *takes* DICK'S *hand to shake hands*) Well, so long, young feller. (*looks at* MARY, *anad starts to cross right as he speaks*) Good-bye Mary.

MARY. (*as she rises and follows* GARSON) Joe, Joe!

GARSON. (*he turns and* GARSON *takes* MARY *in his arms*) That's all right. That's all right. He'll look after you. Gee, I'd like to see you two with three or four kids playin' around the house. (*to* DICK) Take good care of her, won't yer? (DICK *comes down stage back of* MARY *and* GARSON *turns* MARY *over to him and* DICK *puts his arms around* MARY *and she buries her face on his left shoulder*) Well— (*as he crosses stage right*) So long. (*exits door right. There is a pause.* BURKE *rises with cigar in his mouth, looks at* MARY *and* DICK, *picks up the* HELEN MORRIS *letter*)

BURKE. (*quietly*) Cassidy—(CASSIDY *crosses to* BURKE) Mr. Gilder out there?

CASSIDY. Yes, sir.

BURKE. (*handing letter to* CASSIDY) Give him this letter and tell him to read it at once. (CASSIDY *nods, smiles, crosses to door left and exits as* BURKE *crosses to door right.* BURKE *stops in doorway right and comes a little down right. To* DICK *and* MARY—*removing cigar from his mouth. Sternly*) Just one thing more. When I get back I don't want to find anyone here, not anyone. (*lightly with a smile*) Get me? (*up to door right, and exits smoking.* MARY *disengages herself from* DICK'S *arms and crying crosses to the right end of* BURKE'S *desk looking*

off toward where GARSON *made his exit.* DICK *waits until she is standing still, then starts for door left, changes his mind and, crossing over after* MARY, *puts his right hand on her left shoulder and turns her around to face him and steps back. She looks up and with a cry of gladness comes to* DICK *with her arms outstretched. They embrace*)

CURTAIN

MEMOS FOR STAGE MANAGER

ACT I

R. 1 E. (*phone bell*)
SARAH. "Me, too, Mr. Dick." (*Rings until* SARAH *removes receiver*)

Curtain Warning:
GILDER. "Take her away, officer."

Ring:
MARY. "For all I'm losing to-day."

ACT II

L. 2. E. (*phone bell*)
MARY. "I shouldn't be in the least surprised." (*rings until* MARY *removes receiver*)

U. L. C. (*door bell*)
GARSON. "I've seen pulled off in this town."

U. L. C. (*door bell*)
GARSON. "I'll bet it's the goods, just the same."
MARY. "I expect him any minute, and when he comes" —

U. L. C. (*door bell*)
GARSON. "Solid Ivory!"

R. 1 E. (*break vase*)
GARSON. "No it ain't. Now you just turn your back and you won't hear —"

U. L. C. (*door bell*)

GARSON. "Oh, I got it over in Boston last week."

Curtain Warning:

MARY. "And if I am, who made me one?"

Ring:

MARY. "My name, and gave me a number. Now I've given up—"

ACT III

SCENE I

Bay Window R. (*Warning to light the lamp with mask over it*)

BURKE. "He'll go to Chicago."

Bay Window R. (*Revolving white light effect*)

BURKE. "Just ring for your man, will you, please?" (*Blinder with circular hole in middle, same size as lens of lamp, is slowly passed in front of lamp*)

Curtain Warning:

BURKE. "Now, Mr. Gilder, I'll have to ask a little help from you."

Ring: (GILDER *starts toward bay-window. Curtain down, all lights out except moonlight. Chime starts, turn out both practical lamps on stage*)

ACT III

SCENE II

Curtain Warning: (*Fifth stroke of chime*)

Curtain up: (*Eleventh stroke of chime*)

R. 1 E. (*Telegraph effect.* GARSON *taps message on phone mouth-piece with pen. Then answer with about a dozen clicks of telegraph effect*)

Switchboard. (*Chandelier on*)

GARSON. "Wait till I turn on the lights."

R. 1 E. (*Buzzer*)

GARSON. "We've got to hurry and"—(*Buzzing stops as* GARSON *removes receiver*)

R. 1 E. (*Telegraph effect*)

GARSON. "Well, we've got to take a chance." (*About 6 clicks*)

RIGHT 1 E. (*Telegraph effect*)

GARSON. "Yes, she's on," (*Telegraph message as* GARSON *translates it and stop clicking on words "front door."*)

UPPER R. E. (*Amber light to be lit when* MARY *enters at left 3 entrance.*)

Switchboard: (*Chandelier out*)

GARSON. "Lights." (*And he snaps his fingers*)

R. 1 E. and L. 1 E. (*Amber baby-spots on as click lights lamp on table back of couch; blinder on both lamps removed and lights trained on* MARY'S *and* DICK'S *faces*)

Switchboard: (*Chandelier on*)

MARY. "I want to see the face of every man in this room."

L. 1 E. (*Amber baby-spot. This one baby-spot off as* GRIGGS *is shot, so that when chandelier is again turned off, the body of* GRIGGS *does not show in the darkness*)

Switchboard: (*Chandelier out.* DICK *rushes up and touches switch on wall left*)

Bay Window R. (*Light revolving white light with mask on*)

Bay Window R. (*Revolving white light effect*)

BURKE. "You see, I had some business here—"

Switchboard: (*Chandelier on*)

BURKE. "What's that?"

R. 1 E. (*Amber baby-spot off after* BURKE *lights chandelier*)

Curtain Warning:

BURKE. "Cassidy, you and Thompson take them both downtown."

Ring:

MARY. "But that man was a burglar—"

ACT IV

Curtain Warning:

GARSON. "Well, so long."

Ring: (*As* MARY *throws her arms around* DICK'S *neck*)

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Office of Edward Gilder.

Furniture in this act—mahogany and green leather. Green carpet.

1 Flat top magonany desk (*down right*)
1 5x3 mahogany table (*up left*)
1 Mahogany desk chair (*right of desk*)
1 Mahogany office chair (*left of desk*)
1 Mahogany office chair (*below table up left*)
1 Mahogany office chair (*in the upper right corner of the office*)
1 Green leather arm chair (*down left below door*)
1 Green leather rocker (*above desk and to the right of the center door*)
1 Mahogany hat tree (*left of center door*)
Department store samples (*on table up left*)
'Phone (*on upper end of desk down right*)
Desk blotter, memo pad, pens, pencils, ink-stand, desk calendar, 2 letter baskets, 3 piles of opened letters, several unopened letters, letter opener, sten. note-book and pencil.
1 Box of cigars (*in upper right desk drawer*)
1 Box of safety matches and ash tray (*on desk*)
1 Old suit case covered with foreign labels (*off stage* at center door for DICK)
Money for stenographer (2 *five dollar bills*)
Money for Edward Gilder (*a dozen yellow backs*)
1 Pair of handcuffs for Mary (*off stage at center door*)
1 Phone bell off stage (R. 1 E. *works on cue*)
Cigar in box on top right drawer of Gilder's desk.
Match holder and matches on desk.
Ash tray on desk.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT II

Mary Turner's Apartment. Furniture in this act —Chippendale, bay-window draperies, covering of couch, arm chair down right and chair left of trick table, all of cretonne, of lavender, purple and white combination. Blue carpet.

1 Five foot round table (*at left center with drawer turned to left*)
1 Arm chair (*left of table*)
1 Armless chair (*right of table*)
1 Arm chair (*down left below door*)
1 Tea table (*above door left*)
1 Silver tea set (*on tea table*)
1 Window seat (*in bay window*)
1 Cushion on window seat (*fitted to suit shape of window seat*)
2 Lavender and purple pillows (*on window seat*)
1 Set of Draperies (*on bay window*)
1 Muffin stand (*up left center between door and bay window*)
3 Plates (*on muffin stand*)
1 Lounge (*up center between the two doors with the head towards door up left*)
2 Lavender and purple pillows (*on lounge*)
1 English serving table (*down right center. This is the trick table*)
1 Low back padded arm chair (*left of trick table*)
1 Pillow in chair (*left of trick table*)
1 High back padded arm chair (*down right and facing center*)
1 Pillow (*in arm chair down right*)
1 Ladies desk (*against wall right below fire place*)
1 Small desk chair (*in front of desk*)

1 Brass fender (*in front of fire-place*)
1 Set brass fire-irons (*right of fire-place*)
1 Ladies' writing desk set (*on desk*)
1 Vase of lilacs (*on top of desk*)
1 Standing vase containing 3 long stemmed American-Beauty Roses (*between fire place and ladies desk*)
1 Small square table (*between fire-place and up right center door*)
1 Small case of buttercups (*on small square table*)
2 Books on trick table (*set at right angles to each other and in such a way as to hide hole in table from audience*)
1 Magazine (*on trick table*)
1 Vase of Buttercups to be broken (*off stage up right center*)
1 Sunday newspaper (*on floor between trick table and arm chair left of it*)
One round table down left—phone, ladies desk set, and 3 or 4 magazines.
In drawer of round table, down left—legal paper, mesh pocket book with 5 or 6 yellow back bills in it, small note book and pencil.
1 Small picture on wall (*down left between door and bay window*)
1 Small placque on wall (*between bay window and door up left center*)
1 Large picture (*on wall up center between the two doors*)
1 Small round picture (*on wall over fire place*)
1 Picture (*on wall down right over desk*)
1 Small chair (*in hall back of door up right center*)
1 Picture (*on wall in hall up right center*)
1 Table in hall (*back of door in hall up left center*)
1 Large fancy vase (*on table in hall*)
1 Picture (*on wall in hall up left center*)

1 Door bell (*off stage up left center. Rung on several cues*)
1 Tray with glass of milk and napkin on it (*off stage up left center for* FANNIE)
1 Revolver with "Maxim Silencer." (*off stage up right center for* GARSON)
1 'Phone bell (*off stage down left. Rung on cue*)
1 Large package of money in wallet (*off stage up left center for* IRWIN)
1 Small note book (*off stage up left center for* CASSIDY)
1 Legal paper (*off stage down left for* AGNES)
1 Drawing on white paper (*plan of house. Off stage up left center for* GRIGGS)

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT III

Edward Gilder's library. Furniture in this act—walnut. Brown carpet.

1 Couch (*high back and ends. Sets curtains line at left center diagonally to up center*)
1 24 inch square table back of couch (*on square table back of couch*) fancy cigarette box, cigarettes in it, matches and match safe and ash-tray.
1 Taberette (*up left above door*)
1 Plant (*on taberette*)
1 Fireplace mantle (*up center*)
2 Candle-sticks (*on mantle*)
1 Set dark brass fire-dogs (*in fireplace*)
1 Set dark brass fire-irons (*right of fireplace*)
1 Dark brass, leather top club fender (*around fireplace*)

1 Chair (*in front of fireplace*)
1 Chair (*left of fireplace*)
1 Bookcase (*up left center between fireplace and door*)
1 Bookcase (*left below door*)
1 Statue (*in the center of the top of up left center bookcase*)
2 Blue and white vases (*one on each end of up left center bookcase*)
2 Blue and white vases (*one on each end of top of down left bookcase*)
1 Pair Practical Tapestry Portieres (*on pole over bay-window at right*)
1 Large Library Table (*down right facing audience just above curtain line*)
1 Arm chair (*back of library table*)
1 'Phone (*on right upper end of library table*)
1 Rack of books (*on left lower end of library table*)
1 Desk blotter (*on library table*)
1 Ink stand also pens and pencils (*on library table*)
1 Chime (*right first entrances*)
1 Padded mallet (*to ring chime*)
1 Revolver (*off stage left for* BURKE)
1 Ring of house keys (*for* MR. GILDER)
1 Revolver with "Maxim Silencer" (*for* GARSON)
1 Electric pocket flash-lamp (*for* GARSON)
1 Card on card tray (*left second entrance for butler*)

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT IV

Inspector Burke's Office. Furniture in this act—yellow oak; dark brown ground cloth.

4 Practical yellow shades (*on window*) with guide wire on sides and cord in the center and cord tied at the bottom so as to allow the shades to go but ¾ way up.
1 Yellow oak flat-top desk just three feet back of curtain line and left end at center.
1 Yellow oak swivel chair (*back of desk*)
1 Yellow oak office chair (*right of desk*)
1 Yellow oak office chair (*left of desk*)
1 Yellow oak office chair (*down left, right of and below door*)

On desk, desk pad, large ledger, inkstand, pad of writing paper, pen-holder and quill pen in it, so that it scratches when writing, 'phone, glass paper weight with looking-glass back at right end, revolver with "Maxim Silencer" on, newspaper to cover revolver, match safe with matches and ash tray.

In upper right drawer of desk—box of cigars

1 Stenographer's note book, pencil and chair (*off stage right at entrance to passage back of windows for* WILLIAMS)
1 Bunch of keys (off stage right at entrance to passage back of windows for CASSIDY)
1 Addressed sealed and stamped letter (off stage *left for* CASSIDY)
1 Uniform coat (*for* BURKE)
1 Inspector's shield (*for* BURKE)
1 Uniform coat (*for* WILLIAMS)
1 Policeman's shield (*for* WILLIAMS)
1 Uniform coat and trousers (*for* DAN)
1 Policeman's shield (*for* DAN)
1 Buzzer in desk drawer with cord running to a two-button board (*on right end of* BURKE'S *desk*) One button alive and one dead.
1 Cigar (*off stage for* DEMAREST)

ELECTRIC PLOT

ACT I

Foots and first border, full up, white.
1 Bunch at door down left.
1 White bunch at door up center.
1 Magneto box, gives buzz sound hangs on upper end of desk out of sight; cord with push button on it on Gilder's desk.

ACT II

Foots and first border, full up, white.
1 White bunch at door down left.
1 White bunch at door up left center
1 White bunch at door up right center.
1 Open air amber medium back of bay window.
1 Standing reading lamp with pink shade (*up center, back of couch head, not lighted*)
2 Brackets (*one on each side of fireplace*)

ACT III

Foots only full up, amber one, circuit, chandelier, amber lamp, amber shades, (*not lighted in Scene* I *but works on and off at switchboard with foots in Scene* II)
1 Practical lamp—amber lamps—amber shades (*on right end of down right table. This lamp turns on and off by chain pull*)
1 Practical lamp—amber lamp—amber shades (*on table back of couch. This lamp turns on and off by chain pull.*)

1 Two button press wall switch (*on wall left, below door. Not practical but supposed to control chandelier*)
1 Amber light (*back of door left. Off after Scene* I)
1 Amber light (*back of door up right center. Off after Scene* I—*on again at cue in Scene* II)
1 Carbon spot lens lamp back of bay window (*supposed to be revolving light of Metropolitan tower. On and off on cue, once in Scene* I, *and once in Scene* II)
1 Special blinder for white spot (*long piece of asbestos with round hole in center, size of lens. On cue this being slowly drawn across the lighted lamp gives effect of revolving light.*)
1 Bunch light—blue medium (*set below bay window and faces up stage for moonlight effect*)
2 Baby spots amber medium (*one in right first entrance and one in left first entrance. On at cue of* DICK *lighting lamp back of couch in Scene* II. *Left first entrance lamp off as* GRIGGS *is shot. Right first entrance lamp off when* BURKE *turns on chandelier.*)
1 Magneto box, fixed so that the bells are removable and cord with press button run off to right first entrance. On cue when button is pressed it gives a buzzing sound. Sets on baseward down and below bay window.
1 'Phone with electric telegraph effect in receiver with cord running to right first entrance. When worked off stage on cue it sounds like a telegraph key.

ACT IV

Foots and first border, full up, white.

1 Bunch white (*back of door left*)
1 White bunch (*back of door right*)
1 Two button board with one button alive with the buzz in the drawer of Burke's desk. It sets on right end of Burke's desk and has one dead button.
1 Magneto box with practical buzz inside and removable bells on outside. (*It sets on base board just below bay window. The cord to ring the buzz on cue runs off to right first entrance*)

CURTAIN CALLS

ACT I

1 Picture (*Mary's exit*)
2 Mary and Gilder.
3 Mary and Cassidy.
4 Mary.
5 Mary, Gilder and Cassidy.

ACT II

1 Picture.
2 Gilder, Griggs, Cassidy and Agnes.
3 Garson, Burke, Mary and Dick.
4 Mary and Dick.
5 Mary and Garson.
6 Mary.
7 Garson.
8 Dick.
9 Mary, Dick and Garson.

ACT III

1 Picture.
2 Mary, Garson, Dick, Burke, Cassidy and Gilder.
3 Cassidy, Burke and Gilder.
4 Dick, Mary and Garson.
5 Garson.
6 Dick.
7 Mary.
8 Same as No. 2.

ACT IV

1 Picture.
2 Garson, Burke, Mary and Dick.

RUNNING TIME

ACT I 21 minutes.
ACT II 43 minutes.
ACT III 20 minutes.
ACT IV 33 minutes.

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

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DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the advetures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

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PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 6 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Saddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Saddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice unincumbered by any other consideration than that of true love. The arrow all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males, 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts." Price, 30 Cents.

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